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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its **one hundred and forty-ninth year.** It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of **forty-eight columns** filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and houshald departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champion, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Friday.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Masonic Observance.

It is a custom established many years ago for Knights Templars all over the globe to meet on Christmas Day at noon to drink a toast to the Most Eminent Grand Master of Templars. This year Washington Commandery and their ladies turned out in full ranks and filled Masonic Hall with the gathering. The Eminent Commander, Geo. C. Lawton, called the assembly to order and read the toast to the Grand Master and the response was read by Em. Sir Robert S. Franklin, the Prelate, who acted as toastmaster. Toasts were proposed to the Grand Commander, R. E. Sir E. Bentley Young of Boston, to our absent Fraters, to our sister commanderies, to St. John's Lodge and to St. Paul's Lodge, and to the ladies. Responses were made by E.. Sir O. G. Langley, Sir A. K. McMahon, E.. Sir F. T. Bowler, and Rev. Sir Aquila Webb. Music was furnished by a quartette, consisting of Miss Cora Gosling, Miss Grr. Dr. Harry H. Luther and Mr. Thomas Livingston. The exercises throughout were of a very interesting nature.

Three girls from Fall River, all under 21 years of age, were arrested in this city Christmas Day for disorderly conduct and on Wednesday were sent to the State Farm for six months.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Auchincloss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Auchincloss, to Mr. Percy Hall Jennings will take place in New York on January 11th.

Miss Lillian Tew and Mr. Daniel F. Nihan, nurse at the naval hospital, were married in Fall River last week by Rev. E. W. Smith, rector of the Church of the Ascension.

Officer Tonin discovered a slight fire in the restaurant of Daniel Frant on Thames street Sunday night and by prompt action prevented the spread of the fire.

The MERCURY Almanac will be ready for distribution by the carriers on Tuesday next, New Year's Day.

Mrs. Philip LaForge, whose condition has been regarded as serious, shows signs of improvement.

Mrs. Eugene Schreier and her daughter, Miss Schreier, have returned from a visit to Norfolk, Va.

Mr. George Rigge, Jr., is in Paterson, N. J., spending the holidays with his grandparents.

Demand for Offices.

On Monday, January 7, the new city government will be inaugurated in the new city hall. There is some talk about meeting in the council chamber to comply with the law and then immediately adjourning to the large hall of the Rogers High School. Many persons think that the old council chamber will be too small to accommodate comfortably the 195 members of the representative council, and in any event those who sit under the gallery will find difficulty in making themselves heard, owing to the poor acoustic properties. Nothing will be done toward increasing the size of the room until after the first meeting. Chairs will be provided for the members of the new council in the old council chamber, and if the new government desires to order the two rooms thrown together, it can be done.

There are many candidates looking for office under the new government. Perhaps there are as many aspirants for the position of street commissioner as for any office, and it seems reasonable to suppose now that a number of ballots will be taken before a majority is given for any one man. There are two offices to be filled by lawyers—judge of probate and city solicitor—and for both there are plenty of candidates. In fact it seems as if there would be hardly an office to which a salary is attached that does not have a host of candidates. It has even been proposed to divide some of the minor offices now filled by one man, in order that other candidates may have a chance.

The important city offices to be filled by the representative council are the following: City clerk, deputy city clerk, city treasurer, street commissioner, city solicitor, judge of probate probate clerk, city engineer, assessor of taxes (3 years), collector of taxes, city physician, city sergeant, three overseers of the poor, keeper of city asylum, member of board of health (5 years), inspector of plumbing, inspector of nuisances, harbor master, assistant engineer of the fire department (4 years), sealer of weights and measures, commissioner of Newport school fund (3 years), fence viewer, pound keeper, bell ringers, keeper of powder house, keeper of city clocks, clerk to highway department, and engineer of the city hall.

The board of aldermen of the city of Providence has passed an ordinance which makes it an offence punishable by a fine of five dollars and costs for owners of dogs in that city to allow the animals to run at large about the streets during the period of six months from January 1st next. The mad dog scare is getting to be chronic in that city.

The Christmas festival of the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Thursday evening, when the pastor, Rev. Mr. Burch, was presented with a box of gold. Mr. Harry A. Titus, the superintendent of the Sunday School, was the recipient of a handsome water color picture, and all the officers of the church and Sunday School were remembered with appropriate gifts.

The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company will take place on Monday evening next, New Year's eve. It is expected that this will be the most brilliant affair ever given by the company and it will be somewhat in the nature of a housewarming for the new armory.

Announcements were received in this city the past week announcing the marriage of Miss Ruth Cranmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Cranmer, of Chicago, to Mr. George Colburn Crandall, son of Mr Charles Crandall of this city.

The Christmas business broke all records this year at the Newport postoffice. For two days, Monday and Tuesday, the mail matter had to be delivered in express wagons. Some eight or ten loads each day were sent out.

Mrs. Bull, wife of Dr. William T. Bull, had an operation performed on her left foot last week by Dr. Virgil Gibney. The operation was a delicate one but the patient is reported as doing nicely.

Mr. Paul Cassard, a student at the Randolph-Macon Academy, Port Royal, Virginia, spent Christmas at the Naval Training Station, guest of his parents, Chaplain and Mrs. Cassard.

The A. C. Titus Co. delivered goods all night Monday and till 6 a. m. Christmas Day. At 7 that day they started out again with big teams and did not finish delivering till near night.

Governor Utter returned to his home in Westerly last Saturday afternoon, considerably improved in health.

Mr. Francis Byrne, the well known actor, spent Christmas in Newport, guest of his relatives.

Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner of New York was a visitor here the past week.

Christmas Day.

Last Tuesday was a typical Christmas day. The air was crisp with an indication of snow, and in the evening there was a brisk fall of snow which just sufficed to cover the ground. The weather while cool was not uncomfortably cold and it was just such as one would look for on that day.

There was a very general observance of the day in Newport. Nearly all places of business were closed during the entire day, and most people enjoyed the holiday to the utmost. Even some of the saloons were closed, and in Providence the police commission required all saloons to be closed for the entire day.

There were special services in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches, as well as in some of the others. The attendance was very good, and special Christmas music was rendered by the choirs.

There were celebrations of the day at the Newport Hospital and at the City Hospital, Christmas trees being provided for the children in both places. At the government stations the day was observed by the cessation of all but necessary work, and special Christmas dinners were served.

There were many visitors here for the day, former sons and daughters of Newport. The postoffice did not find it much of a holiday as the clerks and carriers were kept busy with the Christmas packages. The express companies also made deliveries all day but succeeded by night in cleaning up the packages on hand.

Captain Jesse Taylor, one of the pioneer steamboat men of Narragansett Bay, died in Pawtuxet on Saturday at the age of 75 years. He commanded the first steamer running between Newport and Narragansett Pier and afterward was made superintendent of the Continental Steamboat Company, retiring about nine years ago.

Col. A. A. Barker has returned from Cuba to spend a short time with his family in this city. Col. Barker had planned to come home much earlier than this but the insurrection and consequent complications required his presence there to look after his property.

There was skating on the ponds during a part of the week, but the soft weather of the last few days has pretty effectually broken it up. We have had some cold days this winter but the weather has been so changeable that ice has not yet formed to any considerable thickness.

Mr. Goold H. Redmond died at his home in New York on Friday of last week, having been in poor health for a number of years. Mr. Redmond had occupied a cottage here for a number of summers and was prominently identified with New York and Newport society.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annette Louise Cornish, daughter of Mr. Thomas E. Cornish of Philadelphia, to Mr. J. Allen Boone, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Boone of this city. Mr. Boone is a reporter on the Philadelphia Press.

The joint committee from the five wards, appointed by the members-elect of the new representative council, held a meeting on Thursday evening to discuss rules and methods of procedure for the body.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ann Sarah Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward, of Middletown, to Mr. William R. Harvey of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Tuck French have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Pauline LeRoy French, to Mr. Samuel Wagstaff, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. William Davis, formerly of this city, but now of Perth Amboy, have been guests of Mrs. Davis' mother, Mrs. William Andrews.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has offered a cup as a prize for a motor boat race from New York to Bermuda next summer.

Mr. Eugene Brown has returned to New York, after spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown.

Mr. Lommel A. Holm, who is at the Springfield Training School, came home to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mr. William Burdick, formerly of this city, but now of Philadelphia, spent a few days in Newport the past week.

There have been many Christmas celebrations by Sunday Schools and institutions during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard are at the Waldorf-Astoria and will sail for Europe early in January.

Dr. William Riggs spent Christmas in Newport, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rigge.

The Lobster Industry.

Deputy Shell Fish Commissioner William T. Luth has compiled some statistics of the lobster fishery in the waters of the State during the past year which are of interest as showing to what extent lobstering is carried on here. During the season 353,573 pounds of lobsters were caught in Newport waters, as compared with 301,659 during the previous season. In addition, at Seaconnet there were landed 163,341 pounds as compared with 97,641 the year before. Block Island, Watch Hill and Narragansett Pier landed 155,000 pounds, making a total of 671,914 pounds for this locality. Of this amount about 245 000 pounds went to shippers and wholesale dealers, while the retail dealers disposed of large quantities. Saloons and restaurants took 41 850 pounds.

During the past season there were 73 sail or power boats engaged in lobster fishing in the State, and 66 row boats. There were 11,355 traps used in the industry and 181 men were engaged as lobster fishermen. Newport stands at the head of the list, furnishing 96 men, 44 sail or power boats, 31 row boats and 6710 traps. Block Island comes next with 29 men, 10 sail or power boats, 2 row boats and 1475 traps.

The lobster deputies have been active during the past season as usual, but the fishermen themselves are beginning to find that it is to their own interest to protect the lobster and to assist in the enforcement of the law. There are still some who would be glad to evade the law if they had the opportunity, but the growing sentiment and the continued activity of the deputies makes this difficult.

Redwood Lodge.

At the annual convention of Redwood Lodge, No. 11, K. P., on Friday evening of last week, Grand Chancellor Ernest C. Scott made an official visitation to the lodge. After the business was transacted a dinner was served at the Perry House, about one hundred being present.

The following officers were elected:

Chancellor Commander—David Davis.
Vice Chancellor—John William Schwarz.
Prelate—Frederick A. C. Stuart.
Master of Work—William Langhan.
Keeper of Records and Seals—Robert S. Franklin.
Master of Exchequer—Everett I. Gorton.
Master of Finance—James C. Walsh.
Master-at-Arms—James H. Hampton.
Outer Guard—J. Gottlieb Spingler.
Trustees—Everett I. Gorton, William H. Langley, William Champion.

Miss Miriam Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Rice, was married to Mr. James H. Derrick, Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents on William street, Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., rector of Emmanuel Church, officiating. There was a large number present to witness the ceremony. Miss Ethel A. Hill of New Bedford acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Thaddeus L. G. Rice performed the duties of best man. The bride received many pretty gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Derrick left on a wedding trip to Washington and Virginia.

Police Commissioner and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall have returned from Joliet, Ill., where they were called by the serious illness of their daughter Mrs. Hamilton King. Mrs. King is now on the road to recovery.

A wild deer came ashore at Long wharf Friday morning and was pulled out of the water by some of the men. It was taken out in the country and turned loose in the road.

The contractors have just about completed the new detention building at the Naval Training Station to replace the one destroyed by fire.

Charles Tisdall & Co. have received the contract for supplies for the general mess at the Torpedo Station for six months.

The Park Commission, lacking a quorum, was unable to transact any business at its meeting on Wednesday.

Steamer Puritan is ready to take her place on the Fall River line after undergoing necessary repairs.

Mr. Grant S. Taylor of Brooklyn has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant P. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Allen were in Providence the past week.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for The Builders & Merchants Exchange the south flat No. 5 on Colonial street to Leo Printz.

Aquidneck Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F.

Chief Patriarch—Friedolph A. Blom.
High Priest—John T. Delano.
Senior Warden—William H. Sisson.
Recording Scribe—Perry B. Dawley.
Treasurer—Joseph B. Pike.
Financial Scribe—Allen C. Griffith.
Junior Warden—Harry L. Vickars.
Trustee—John T. Delano, Louis E. Tilly, Thomas S. Stanhope.

Newport Social Club.

President—Alphonso D. Johnson.
Vice President—Reynolds Dash.
Secretary—James O. Eaton.
Treasurer—Thomas Glover.
Investigating Committee—F. Woodson, A. E. Johnson.

Recent Deaths.

Edward P. Marsh.

Mr. Edward P. Marsh, one of the leading business men of the city, died at his home on Cranston avenue on Thursday after an illness that had confined him to his bed for some time. He had been in a serious condition for some weeks and his vitality was all that prolonged his life for the last few days. Being well along in years his strength was not great and when heart trouble developed in addition to other complications it was seen that there was no hope for his recovery.

Mr. Marsh was one of a large family of children of the late Samuel J. and Mary Marsh, and was born in this city on November 20, 1835. He learned the trade of a chair maker in Gardiner, Mass., and upon returning to Newport engaged in the manufacture of furniture. He afterward added undertaking to his business and subsequently the furniture department was discontinued all the attention of Mr. Marsh and his son, who was associated with him, being directed to the undertaking.

Mr. Marsh had long been prominent in the city. He served several terms in the common council, at first representing the first ward and after he removed from there representing the second ward. He was an active worker in the Baptist church, being for many years a deacon in the old Second Baptist and later filling the same office in the Central Baptist. He served for twenty years as superintendent of the Sunday School of the Second Baptist Church. He was a member of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection; Union Lodge, No. 668, Knights of Honor; and of Miantinomi Commandery, United Order of the Golden Cross.

He is survived by a widow, who was a daughter of the late Hanson Hull; one son, Mr. Samuel W. Marsh; and one brother, Mr. William Marsh of Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. William W. Paul.

Mrs. William W. Paul died at her residence in Philadelphia on Sunday, having been in poor health for several years. Mrs. Paul with her daughter, Miss Annie W. Paul, spent her summers in Newport, at her residence on Washington street and remained here until late this year. She had a host of friends in Newport and was a woman of a most kind and charitable nature. She was an attendant at the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist and was deeply interested in the welfare of that church.

She leaves one son and three daughters.

There was considerable delay in collecting the ashes about the city this week, owing to a difference between the contractor and his employes. In some instances the ash barrels stood on the sidewalks for some time, but the contractor has organized a crew to hustle the removal of garbage.

Mr. Harold Gilpin, son of Mr. John Gilpin of this city, was presented by his employers, the Royal Baking Powder Company, with $25 in gold as a Christmas gift.

The names of Col. and Mrs. Delancy Kane appear on the passenger list of the French liner La Provence which will shortly sail for Havre.

Mr. Harry Wilson, formerly of this city, but now of New York, has been in the city the past week visiting relatives.

Police Inspector Griffith celebrated the anniversary of his birth on Thursday evening at his home on Calvert street.

Mr. Webb of Boston is spending a few days in Newport as the guest of his brother, Rev. Aquila Webb, Ph. D.

Dr. W. Fillingham Bull of New York was guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs Henry Bull, Jr., the past week.

Officer Wilcox has returned to duty after his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Aurel Batonyi will shortly sail for Europe.

Middletown.

THEIR NUMBER INCREASED.—A review of the deaths occurring in Middletown during the calendar year of 1906, reveals the fact than an unusual proportion were of men and women in full activity, in the prime of life in the entire possession of mental faculties unimpaired, of physical power and strength but little abated. On Friday night the 21st instant the number of such decedents was increased in the death of George E. Ward, who for a score of years has resided on Prospect Avenue. Mr. Ward was the second son of John B. Ward, who died last January and of Ann Sarah Sherman. He married Lydia, only daughter of Stephen B. Congdon, by whom he had three children, John B. Ward, 2nd, Hazel Brenton and Rowena Fowler Ward. For some years he hired a portion of the James Sayer Gardiner farm on Wyatt road and operated it as a milk farm. He had received a thorough training in farming and trading from his father, who for many years occupied and improved the Walter Easton farm near Easton's Beach. That he profited by his training was evident from the successful and profitable management of his own farm. He soon increased his property holdings to a good extent and began business as a money lender.

He was a keen observer of men and analyzed their schemes and propositions with accuracy and a surprising faculty. His forecast of the result of several undertakings in Middletown during the past thirty years was eminently correct. Like his father, he thought for himself and declined to accept ex cathedra, the dictum of any party or clique. With some of the municipal policies of the town he was at variance and unsparingly criticised what he believed to be inimical to the best interests of the town. He declared in favor of changing some of these policies and last spring joined in the movement to elect a new set of town officers. He was appointed Health Officer in April, 1895, and has held the office ever since. He served on several important Committees entrusted with the defence of public rights and privileges. He had moral certebra and could be relied on in any and every emergency. With pronounced opinions and unyielding standards he was bound to be on some occasions unpopular and not with the crowd. For men of such characteristics there is a need in every community. He was a man of social instincts, enjoyed the companionship of his fellows and was attached to his home and family. He was but fifty-three years of age and in the very prime of life.

The schools of the town closed on Friday for the Christmas vacations, reopening on Wednesday, January 2. The school-rooms had been attractively decorated with Christmas greens and red bells and exercises fitting for the Christmas season were held.

As has been the annual custom, St. Columba's Guild sent this year, at Christmas, four dozen sleeved aprons to St. Mary's Orphanage, Providence, also a box of jellies and preserves.

Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony, who has been teaching in Montclair, N. J., since September, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony.

The Christmas tree and Parish festival of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel was held on Saturday evening at St. George's School. Notwithstanding the severe storm about seventy people had gathered and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The large hallway presented a festive appearance with its stands of green, and boughs of holly, and here near the big fireplace the Christmas tree elaborately decorated stood, while Santa Claus appeared through the window, and distributed the contents of his pack. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. Later the party adjourned to the gymnasium where games were played and dancing was in order. Among the guests of the evening were Miss Elizabeth Betton, Miss Sands, Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe of Newport, and Miss Mary Josephs.

Among those entertaining large family parties at Christmas were Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. E. Robert Grinnell, and Mr. and Mrs. Abram A. Brown.

Mr. Lester Albro of New York spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Albro.

Mr. George E. Ward was stricken last Friday evening while sitting in a chair in his home on Prospect Avenue and died instantly. It was not known that he had been subject to this heart trouble which caused his death. Mr. Ward was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John B. Ward and was in his 54th year. He is survived by a widow, one son, Mr. John Ward of Boston, and by two daughters, Hazel and Rowena Ward. He also leaves three brothers, Messrs. Charles H. and A. Herbert Ward of Middletown, and Joseph Hooker Ward of New York, and two sisters, Mrs. Lyman H. Barker and Mrs. Isaac Peabody of Middletown. Mr. Ward was a well known resident. In former years he was engaged in farming, but of late he had devoted his time to trading and to the care of several houses in Newport.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon at his late home, a very large gathering being present. The services were conducted by Rev. H. H. Critchlow of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the soloist from that church, Mrs. Ida Brown, sang "I shall see him face to face." There was a profusion of flowers, among them many large and beautiful wreaths, one of which of pinks and ilex leaves bore the word "Father" in purple lettering. Among the organizations represented by floral tributes were the Paradise Reading Club, the Epworth League, Aquidneck Grange, and the Good Citizens' Association. The interment was in the Island Cemetery at the "Four Corners" and the bearers were Messrs. John R. Austin, Arthur Peckham, E. Marion Peckham, and Howard R. Peckham.

While Christmas was observed in the usual way at the Methodist Episcopal Church by exercises and a Christmas tree, the usual festive air was lacking. A short program of recitations was given by the young people assisted by an enlarged choir and by Dr. Joseph E. Farnum of Providence who sang "The Prince of Peace." At the close of the exercises, presents were distributed from a heavily laden tree. The Methodist Episcopal Church has met with a double loss this Christmas season, Mr. Ward's death occurring just 10 days after that of Mr. R. Jason Grinnell.

Christmas services were held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Tuesday morning. There was a celebration of Holy Communion with Rev. Latta Griswold celebrant, and Rev. John B. Dimau was the preacher.

Owing to the death of Mr. George E. Ward, the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange has been postponed from Thursday of this week to next Thursday. Mr Ward, at the time of his death, was the Grange chorister, and had been an active and interested member of this order.

The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

Presently the servant departed and solemnly re-entered carrying a silver tray, with cups, a teapot and cakes. Having adjusted them to his satisfaction, he turned to Loder.

"Mrs. Chilcote will be with you in five minutes, sir," he said.

He waited for some response, but Loder gave none. Again he had found the advantages of silence, but this time it was silence of a compulsory kind. He had nothing to say.

The man, finding him irresponsive, retired, and, left to himself, Loder stared at the array of feminine trifles. Then, turning abruptly, he moved to the center of the room.

Since the day they had talked on the terrace he had seen Eve only thrice and always in the presence of others. Since the night of his first coming she had not invaded his domain, and he wondered what this new departure might mean.

His thought of her had been less vivid in the last few days, for, though still using steady discretion, he had been drawn gradually nearer the fascinating whirlpool of new interests and new work. Shut his eyes as he might, there was no denying that this moment, so personally vital to him, was politically vital to the whole country and that by a curious coincidence Chilcote's position well nigh forced him to take an active interest in the situation. Again and again the suggestion had arisen that should the smoldering fire in Persia break into a flame Chilcote's commercial interests would facilitate—would practically compel—his standing in in the campaign against the government.

The little incident of the tea table, recalling the social side of his obligations, had aroused the realization of greater things. As he stood meditatively in the middle of the room he saw suddenly how absorbed he had become in these greater things—how, in the swing of congenial interests, he had been borne insensibly forward, his capacities expanding, his intelligence asserting itself. He had so undeniably found his sphere that the idea of usurpation had receded gently as by natural laws until his own personality had begun to color the day's work.

As this knowledge came he wondered quickly if it held a solution of the present little comedy; if Eve had seen what others, he knew, had observed—that Chilcote was showing a grasp of things that he had not exhibited for years. Then, as a sound of skirts came softly down the corridor, he squared his shoulders with his habitual abrupt gesture and threw his cigar into the fire.

Eve entered the room much as she had done on her former visit, but with one difference. In passing Loder she quietly held out her hand.

He took it as quietly. "Why am I so honored?" he asked.

She laughed a little and looked across at the fire. "How like a man! You always want to begin with reasons. Let's have tea first and explanations after." She moved forward toward the table, and he followed. As he did so it struck him that her dress seemed in peculiar harmony with the day and the room, though beyond that he could not follow its details. As she paused beside the table he drew forward a chair with a faint touch of awkwardness.

She thanked him and sat down.

He watched her in silence as she poured out the tea, and the thought crossed his mind that it was incredibly long since he had seen a woman preside over a meal. The deftness of her fingers filled him with an unfamiliar, half inquisitive wonder. So interesting was the sensation that when she held his cup toward him he didn't immediately see it.

"Don't you want any?" She smiled a little.

He started, embarrassed by his own tardiness. "I'm afraid I'm dull," he said. "I've been so"—

"So keen a worker in the last week?"

For a moment he felt relieved. Then, as a fresh silence fell, his sense of awkwardness returned. He sipped his tea and ate a biscuit. He found himself wishing, for almost the first time, for some of the small society talk that came so pleasantly to other men. He felt that the position was ridiculous. He glanced at Eve's averted head and laid his empty cup upon the table.

Almost at once she turned, and their eyes met.



"Why am I so honored?" he asked.

"John," she said, "do you guess at all why I wanted to have tea with you?"

He looked down at her. "No," he said honestly and without embellishment.

The curtness of the answer might have displeased another woman. Eve seemed to take no offense.

"I had a talk with the Fraides today," she said, "a long talk. Mr. Fraide said great things of you, things I wouldn't have believed from anybody but Mr. Fraide." She altered her position and looked from Loder's face back into the fire.

He took a step forward. "What things?" he said. He was almost ashamed of the sudden, inordinate satisfaction that welled up at her words.

"Oh, I mustn't tell you!" She laughed a little. "But you have surprised him." She paused, sipped her tea, then looked up again with a change of expression.

"John," she said more seriously, "there is one point that sticks a little. Will this great change last?" Her voice was direct and even, wonderfully direct for a woman, Loder thought. It came to him with a certain force that beneath her remarkable charm might possibly lie a remarkable character. It was not a possibility that had occurred to him before, and it caused him to look at her a second time. In the new light he saw her beauty differently, and it interested him differently. Heretofore he had been inclined to class women under three heads—idols, amusements and incumbrances. Now it crossed his mind that a woman might possibly fill another place—the place of a companion.

"You are very skeptical," he said, still looking down at her.

She did not return his glance. "I think I have been made skeptical," she said.

As she spoke the image of Chilcote shot through his mind—Chilcote, irritable, vicious, unstable—and a quick compassion for this woman so inevitably shackled to him followed it.

Eve, unconscious of what was passing in his mind, went on with her subject.

"When we were married," she said gently, "I had such a great interest in things, such a great belief in life. I had lived in politics, and I was marrying one of the coming men—everybody said you were one of the coming men. I scarcely felt there was anything left to ask for. You didn't make very ardent love," she smiled, "but I think I had forgotten about love. I wanted nothing so much as to be like Lady Sarah—married to a great man." She paused, then went on more hurriedly: "For awhile things went right; then slowly things went wrong. You got your—your nerves."

Loder changed his position with something of abruptness.

She misconstrued the action.

"Please don't think I want to be disagreeable," she said hastily. "I don't. I'm only trying to make you understand why—why I lost heart."

"I think I know," Loder's voice broke in involuntarily. "Things got worse, then still worse. You found interference useless. At last you ceased to have a husband."

"Until a week ago." She glanced up quickly. Absorbed in her own feelings, she had seen nothing extraordinary in his words.

But at hers Loder changed color.

"It's the most incredible thing in the world," she said. "It's quite incredible, and yet I can't deny it. Against all my reason, all my experience, all my inclination, I seem to feel in the last week something of what I felt at first." She stopped with an embarrassed laugh. "It seems that, as if by magic, life has been picked up where I dropped it six years ago." Again she stopped and laughed.

Loder was keenly uncomfortable, but he could think of nothing to say.

"It seemed to begin that night I dined with the Fraides," she went on. "Mr. Fraide talked so wisely and so kindly about so many things. He recalled all we had hoped for in you, and—and he blamed me a little." She paused and laid her cup aside. "He said that when people have made what they call their last effort they should always make just one effort more. He promised that if I could once persuade you to take an interest in your work he would do the rest. He said all that and a thousand other kinder things, and I sat and listened. But all the time I thought of nothing but their uselessness. Before I left I promised to do my best, but my thought was still the same. It was stronger than ever when I forced myself to come up here"—She paused again and glanced at Loder's averted head. "But I came, and then, as if by conquering myself I had compelled a reward, you seemed, you somehow seemed different. It sounds ridiculous, I know." Her voice was half amused, half deprecating. "It wasn't a difference in your face, though I knew directly that you were free from nerves." Again she hesitated over the word. "It was a difference in yourself, in the things you said, more than in the way you said them." Once more she paused and laughed a little.

Loder's discomfort grew.

"But it didn't affect me then." She spoke more slowly. "I wouldn't admit it then. And the next day when we talked on the terrace I still refused to admit it, though I felt it more strongly than before. But I have watched you since that day, and I know there is a change. Mr. Fraide feels the same, and he is never mistaken. I know it's only nine or ten days, but I've hardly seen you in the same mood for nine or ten hours in the last three years." She stopped, and the silence was impressive. It seemed to plead for confirmation of her instinct.

Still Loder could find no response.

After waiting for a moment she leaned forward in her chair and looked up at him.

"John," she said, "is it going to last? That's what I came to ask. I don't want to believe till I'm sure. I don't want to risk a new disappointment." Loder felt the earnestness of her gaze, though he avoided meeting it.

"I couldn't have said this to you a week ago, but today I can. I don't pretend to explain why. The feeling is too inexplicable. I only know that I can say it now and that I couldn't a week ago. Will you understand—and answer?"

Still Loder remained mute. His position was horribly incongruous. What could he say? What dared he say?

Confused by his silence, Eve rose.

"If it's only a phase, don't try to hide it," she said. "But if it's going to last—if by any possibility it's going to last"—She hesitated and looked up.

She was quite close to him. He would have been less than man had he been unconscious of the subtle contact of her glance, the nearness of her presence, and no one had ever hinted that manhood was lacking in him. It was a moment of temptation. His own energy, his own intentions, seemed so near, Chilcote and Chilcote's claims so distant and unreal. After all, his life, his ambitions, his determinations, were his own. He lifted his eyes and looked at her.

"You want me to tell you that I will go on?" he said.

Her eyes brightened. She took a step forward. "Yes," she said; "I want it more than anything in the world."

There was a wait. The declaration that would satisfy her came to Loder's lips, but he delayed it. The delay was fateful. While he stood silent the door opened, and the servant who had brought in the tea reappeared.

He crossed the room and handed Loder a telegram. "Any answer, sir?" he said.

Eve moved back to her chair. There was a flush on her cheeks, and her eyes were still alertly bright.

Loder tore the telegram open, read it, then threw it into the fire.

"No answer!" he said laconically.

At the brusqueness of his voice Eve looked up. "Disagreeable news?" she said as the servant departed.

He didn't look at her. He was watching the telegram withering in the center of the fire.

"No," he said at last in a strained voice. "No; only news that I—that I had forgotten to expect."

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a silence, an uneasy break, after Loder spoke. The episode of the telegram was, to all appearances, ordinary enough, calling forth Eve's question and his own reply as a natural sequence, yet in the pause that followed it each was conscious of a jar, each was aware that in some subtle way the thread of sympathy had been dropped, though to one the cause was inexplicable and to the other only too plain.

Loder watched the ghost of his message grow whiter and thinner, then dissolve into airy fragments and flutter up the chimney. As the last morsel wavered out of sight he turned and looked at his companion.

"You almost made me commit myself," he said. In the desire to hide his feelings his tone was short.

Eve returned his glance with a quiet regard, but he scarcely saw it. He had a stupefied sense of disaster, a feeling of bitter self commiseration that for the moment outweighed all other considerations. Almost at the moment of justification the good of life had crumbled in his fingers, the soil given beneath his feet, and with an absence of logic, a lack of justice unusual in him, he let resentment against Chilcote sweep suddenly over his mind.

Eve, still watching him, saw the darkening of his expression and with a quiet movement rose from her chair.

"Lady Sarah has a theater party tonight, and I am dining with her," she said. "It is an early dinner, so I must think about dressing. I'm sorry you think I tried to draw you into anything. I must have explained myself badly." She laughed a little to cover the slight discomfiture that her tone betrayed, and as she laughed she moved across the room toward the door.

Loder, engrossed in the check to his own schemes, incensed at the suddenness of Chilcote's recall and still more incensed at his own folly in not having anticipated it, was oblivious for the moment of both her movement and her words. Then quite abruptly they obtruded themselves upon him, breaking through his egotism with something of the sharpness of pain following a blow. Turning quickly from the fireplace, he faced the shadowy room across which she had passed, but simultaneously with his turning she gained the door.

The knowledge that she was gone struck him with a sense of double loss. "Wait!" he called, suddenly moving forward. But almost at once he paused, chilled by the solitude of the room.

"Eve!" he said, using her name unconsciously for the first time.

But the corridor, as well as the room, was empty; he was too late. He stood irresolute; then he laughed shortly, turned and passed back toward the fireplace.

The blow had fallen, the inevitable come to pass, and nothing remained but to take the fact with as good a grace as possible. Chilcote's telegram had summoned him to Clifford's inn at 7 o'clock, and it was now well on toward 6. He pulled out his watch—Chilcote's watch, he realized with a touch of grim humor as he stooped to examine the dial by the light of the fire—then, as if the humor had verged to another feeling, he stood straight again and felt for the electric button in the wall. His fingers touched it, and simultaneously the room was lighted.

The abrupt alteration from shadow to light came almost as a shock. The feminine arrangement of the tea table seemed incongruous beside the sober books and the desk laden with papers—incongruous as his own presence in the place. The thought was unpleasant, and he turned aside as if to avoid it, but at the movement his eyes fell on Chilcote's cigarette box with its gleaming monogram, and the whimsical suggestion of his first morning rose again. The idea that the inanimate objects in the room knew him for what he was, recognized the interloper where human eyes saw the rightful possessor, returned to his mind. Through all his disgust and chagrin a smile forced itself to his lips, and, crossing the room for the second time, he passed into Chilcote's bedroom.

There the massive furniture and somber atmosphere fitted better with his mood than the energy and action which the study always suggested. Walking directly to the great bed, he sat on its side and for several minutes stared straight in front of him, apparently seeing nothing; then at last the apathy passed from him, as his previous anger against Chilcote had passed. He stood up slowly, drawing his long limbs together, and recrossed the room, passing along the corridor and through the door communicating with the rest of the house. Five minutes later he was in the open air and walking steadily eastward, his hat drawn forward and his overcoat buttoned up.

As he traversed the streets he allowed himself no thought. Once, as he waited in Trafalgar square to find a passage between the vehicles, the remembrance of Chilcote's voice coming out of the fog on their first night made itself prominent, but he rejected it quickly, guarding himself from even an involuntary glance at the place of their meeting. The Strand, with its unceasing life, came to him as something almost unfamiliar. Since his identification with the new life no business had drawn him east of Charing Cross, and his first sight of the narrower stream of traffic struck him as garish and unpleasant. As the impression came he accelerated his steps, moved by the wish to make regret and retrospection alike impossible by a contact with actual forces.

Still walking hastily, he entered Clifford's inn, but there almost unconsciously his feet halted. There was something in the quiet immutability of the place that sobered energy, both mental and physical; a sense of changelessness—the changelessness of inanimate things, that rises in such solemn contrast to the variableness of mere human nature, which a new environment, a new outlook, sometimes even a new presence, has power to upheave and remold. He paused, then with slower and steadier steps crossed the little court and mounted the familiar stairs of his own house.

As he turned the handle of his own door some one stirred inside the sitting room. Still under the influence of the stones and trees that he had just left, he moved directly toward the sound and, without waiting for permission, entered the room. After the darkness of the passage it seemed well alight, for, besides the lamp with its green shade, a large fire burned in the grate and helped to dispel the shadows.

As he entered the room Chilcote rose and came forward, his figure thrown into strong relief by the double light. He was dressed in a shabby tweed suit; his face looked pale and set with a slightly nervous tension. But, besides the look and a certain added restlessness of glance, there was no visible change. Reaching Loder, he held out his hand.

"Well?" he said quickly.

The other looked at him questioningly.

"Well? Well? How has it gone?"

"The scheme? Oh, excellently!" Loder's manner was abrupt. Turning from the restless curiosity in Chilcote's eyes, he moved a little way across the room and began to draw off his coat. Then, as if struck by the inclivility of the action, he looked back again. "The scheme has gone extraordinarily," he said. "I could almost say absurdly. There are some things, Chilcote, that fairly howl a man over."

A great relief tinged Chilcote's face. "Good!" he exclaimed. "Tell me all about it."

But Loder was reticent. The mome it was not propitious. It was as if a hungry man had dreamed a great banquet and had awakened to his starvation. He was chary of imparting his visions.

"There's nothing to tell," he said shortly. "All that you'll want to know is here in black and white. I don't think you'll find I have slipped anything. It's a clear business record." From an inner pocket he drew out a bulky notebook and, recrossing the room, laid it open on the table. It was a correct, even a minute, record of every action that had been accomplished in Chilcote's name. "I don't think you'll find any loose ends," he said as he turned back the pages. "I had you and your position in my mind all through." He paused and glanced up from the book. "You have a position that absolutely insists upon attention," he added in a different voice.

At the new tone Chilcote looked up as well. "No moral lectures!" he said, with a nervous laugh. "I was anxious to know if you had pulled it off—and you have reassured me. That's enough. I was in a funk this afternoon to know how things were going—one of those sudden, unreasonable funks. But now that I see you"—he cut himself short and laughed once more—"now that I see you, I'm hanged if I don't want to prolong your engagement."

Loder glanced at him, then glanced away. He felt a quick shame at the eagerness that rose at the words—a surprised contempt at his own readiness to anticipate the man's weakness. But almost as speedily as he had turned away he looked back again.

"Tush, man!" he said, with his old intolerant manner. "You're dreaming. You've had your holiday, and school's begun again. You must remember you are dining with the Charringtons tonight. Young Charrington's coming of age—quite a big business. Come along. I want my clothes." He laughed and, moving closer to Chilcote, slapped him on the shoulder.

Chilcote started; then, suddenly becoming imbued with the other's manner, he echoed the laugh.

"By Jove," he said, "you're right! You're quite right. A man must keep his feet in their own groove." Raising his hand, he began to fumble with his tie.

But Loder kept the same position. "You'll find the check book in its usual drawer," he said. "I've made one entry of £100, pay for the first week. The rest can stand over until"—He paused abruptly.

Chilcote shifted his position. "Don't talk about that. It upsets me to anticipate. I can make out a check to morrow payable to John Loder."

"No. That can wait. The name of Loder is better out of the book. We can't be too careful." Loder spoke with unusual impetuosity. Already a slight, unreasonable jealousy was coloring his thoughts. Already he grudged the idea of Chilcote with his unstable glance and restless fingers opening the drawers and sorting the papers that for one stupendous fortnight had been his without question. Turning aside, he changed the subject brusquely.

"Come into the bedroom," he said. "It's half past 7 if it's a minute, and the Charrington's show is at 9." Without waiting for a reply, he walked across the room and held the door open.

There was no silence while they exchanged clothes. Loder talked continuously, sometimes in short, curt sentences, sometimes with ironic touches of humor; he talked until Chilcote, strangely affected by contact with another personality after his weeks of solitude, fell under his influence, his excitement rising, his imagination stirring at the novelty of change. At last, garbed once more in the clothes of his own world, he passed from the bedroom back into the sitting room and there halted, waiting for his companion.

Almost directly Loder followed. He came into the room quietly and, moving at once to the table, picked up the notebook.

"I'm not going to preach," he began, "so you needn't shut me up. But I'll say just one thing—a thing that will get said. Try to keep your hold! Remember your responsibilities and keep your hold!" He spoke energetically, looking earnestly into Chilcote's eyes. He did not realize it, but he was pleading for his own career.

Chilcote paled a little, as he always did in face of a reality. Then he extended his hand.

"My dear fellow," he said, with a touch of hauteur, "a man can generally be trusted to look after his own life."

Extricating his hand almost immediately, he turned toward the door and without a word of farewell passed into the little hall, leaving Loder alone in the sitting room.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the night of Chilcote's return to his own Loder tasted the lees of life poignantly for the first time. Before their curious contract had been entered upon he had been, if not content, at least apathetic; but with action the apathy had been dispersed, never again to regain its old position.

He realized with bitter certainty that his was no real home coming. On entering Chilcote's house he had experienced none of the unfamiliarity, none of the unsettled awkwardness, that assailed him now. There he had almost seemed the exile returning after many hardships; here, in the atmosphere made common by years, he felt an alien. It was illustrative of the man's character that sentimentalities found no place in his nature. Sentiments were not lacking, though they lay out of sight, but sentimentalities he altogether denied.

Left alone in the sitting room after Chilcote's departure, his first sensation was one of physical discomfort and unfamiliarity. His own clothes, with their worn looseness, brought no sense of friendliness such as some men find in an old garment. Lounging and the clothes that suggested lounging had no appeal for him. In his eyes the garb that implies responsibility was symbolic and even inspiring.

And as with clothes so with his actual surroundings. Each detail of his room was familiar, but not one had ever become intimately close. He had used the place for years, but he had used it as he might use a hotel, and whatever of his household gods had come with him remained, like himself, on sufferance. His entrance into Chilcote's surroundings had been altogether different. Unknown to himself, he had been in the position of a young artist who, having roughly modeled in clay, is brought into the studio of a sculptor. To his outward vision everything is new, but his inner sight leaps to instant understanding. Amid all the strangeness he recognizes the one essential—the workshop, the atmosphere, the home.



"You would not desert me?"

On this first night of return Loder comprehended something of his position, and, comprehending, he faced the problem and fought with it.

He had made his bargain and must pay his share. Weighing this, he had looked about his room with a quiet gaze. Then at last, as if finding the object really sought for, his eyes had come round to the mantelpiece and rested on the pipe rack. The pipes stood precisely as he had left them. He had looked at them for a long time, then an ironic expression that was almost a smile had touched his lips, and, crossing the room, he had taken the oldest and blackest from its place and slowly filled it with tobacco.

With the first indrawn breath of smoke his attitude had unbent. Without conscious determination he had chosen the one factor capable of easing his mood. A cigarette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Fatherly Discipline.

She came into his study gently. "I hate to disturb you, dear." He looked up. "It is after 11, and Dick has not come home yet—and—it is the second time this week he has stayed out. I did not wish to speak to you—but—a boy of seventeen"—

She faltered. He was looking at her with a strange, fixed expression. "I understand. Leave him to me. I shall wait up until he comes in."

"Don't be harsh with him," she said pleadingly. "Oh, I am so sorry I told you! Remember, he has always been such a good boy"—

"My dear, you have nothing further to do with this. I must deal with my son in my own way. I request you not to interfere. You had better go quietly to your room. I ask you to do so. I want him to find me here when he sees fit to return to his home."

She retired, with her mother heart anxiously beating, and waited until the click of a latchkey sounded in the street door. She listened, trembling, ready to rush out, a penitent peacemaker. She heard:

"Dick, is that you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the dog in the hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, turn out the gas. Good night!"—Madeline Bridges in Woman's Home Companion.

Characteristic Songs.

"It may or may not be the case that a race's temperament can be judged from its folk songs," said a traveler on a transatlantic liner the other day, "but it is interesting to note the difference of subject matter in the songs of various peoples.

"The Irishman, for instance, seems to sing for the most part about his ladylove. Hardly any of his songs are not addressed to his 'Somebody Mavourneen.'

"The Scot, on the other hand, sings about his country and its history, as a rule. 'Scots Wha Hae,' 'Ye Banks and Brnes o' Bonnie Doon,' 'Loch Lomond,' and so on, might be taken as examples.

"The Englishman, it is interesting to note, sings about himself all the time. His songs are about his own glory, his ships, his men, his power. He refers occasionally to old England, but only as a place he made famous by his own prowess. Unlike the Irish and the Scotch, he sings little of his women and his country's beauties."—New York Times.

THE MASQUERADER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

fulfillments, its pleasant, comfortable retrospections; but in real distress—in the solving of question, the fighting of difficulty—a pipe is man's eternal solace.

So he had passed the first night of his return to the actualities of life. Next day his mind was somewhat settled, and outward aid was not so essential; but, though facts faced him more solidly, they were nevertheless very drab in shade. The necessity for work, that blessed antidote to ennui, no longer forced him to endeavor. He was no longer penniless, but the money he possessed brought with it no desires. When a man has lived from hand to mouth for years and suddenly finds himself with £100 in his pocket the result is sometimes curious. He finds with a vague sense of surprise that he has forgotten how to spend. That extravagance, like other artificial passions, requires cultivation.

This he realized even more fully on the days that followed the night of his first return, and with it was born a new bitterness. The man who has friends and no money may find life difficult, but the man who has money and no friend to rejoice in his fortune or benefit by his generosity is aloof indeed. With the leaven of incredulity that works in all strong natures, Loder distrusted the professional beggar; therefore the charity that bestows easily and promiscuously was denied him, and of other channels of generosity he was too self contained to have learned the secret.

When depression falls upon a man of usually even temperament it descends with a double weight. The mercurial nature has a hundred counterbalancing devices to rid itself of gloom—a sudden lifting of spirit, a memory of other moods lived through, other blacknesses dispersed by time, but the man of level nature has none of these. Depression when it comes is indeed depression; no phase of mind to be superseded by another phase, but a slackening of all the chords of life.

It was through such a depression as this that he labored during three weeks, while no summons and no hint of remembrance came from Chilcote. His position was peculiarly difficult. He found no action in the present, and toward the future he dared not trust himself to look. He had slipped the old moorings that familiarity had rendered endurable, but, having slipped them, he had found no substitute. Such was his case on the last night of the three weeks and such his frame of mind as he crossed Fleet street from Clifford's Inn to Middle Temple lane.

It was scarcely 7 o'clock, but already the dusk was falling. The greater press of vehicles had ceased, and the light of the street lamps gleamed back from the spaces of dry and polished roadway, worn smooth as a mirror by wheels and hoofs. Something of the solitude of night that sits so ill on the strenuous city street was making itself felt, though the throngs of people on the pathway still streamed eastward and westward, and the taverns made a busy trade.

Having crossed the roadway, Loder paused for a moment to survey the scene. But humanity in the abstract made small appeal to him, and his glance wandered from the passersby to the buildings massed like clouds against the dark sky. As his gaze moved slowly from one to the other a clock near at hand struck 7, and an instant later the chorus was taken up by a dozen clamorous tongues. Usually he scarcely heard and never heeded these innumerable chimes, but this evening their effect was strange. Coming out of the darkness, they seemed to possess a personal note, a human declaration. The impression was fantastic, but it was strong. With a species of revolt against life and his own personality, he turned slowly and moved forward in the direction of Ludgate hill.

For a space he continued his course, then, reaching Bouverie street, he turned sharply to the right and made his way down the slight incline that leads to the embankment. There he paused and drew a long breath. The sense of space and darkness soothed him. Pulling his cap over his eyes, he crossed to the river and walked on in the direction of Westminster bridge.

As he walked the great mass of water by his side looked dense and smooth as oil with its sweeping width and network of reflected light. On its farther bank rose the tall buildings, the chimneys, the flaring lights that suggest another and an alien London. Close at hand stretched the solid stone parapet, giving assurance of protection.

All these things he saw with his mental eyes, for with his mental eyes only, for his physical eyes was fixed ahead where the towers of parliament loomed out of the dusk. From the great buildings his eyes never wavered until the embankment was traversed and Westminster bridge reached. Then he paused, resting his arms on the coping of the bridge.

In the tense quietude of the darkness the place looked vast and inspiring. The shadowy terrace, the silent river, the rows of lighted windows, each was significant. Slowly and comprehensively his glance passed from one to the other. He was no sentimentalist and no dreamer. His act was simply the act of a man whose interests, robbed of their natural outlet, turn instinctively toward the forms and symbols of the work that is denied them. His scrutiny was steady—even cold. He was raised to no exaltation by the vastness of the building, nor was he chilled by any dwarfing of himself. He looked at it long and thoughtfully; then, again moving slowly, he turned and retraced his steps.

His mind was full as he walked back, still oblivious of the stone parapet of the embankment, the bare trees and the flaring lights of the advertisements across the water. Turning to the left, he regained Fleet street and made for his own habitation with the quiet accuracy that some men exhibit in moments of absorption.

He crossed Clifford's Inn with the same slow, almost listless, step; then, as his own doorway came into view, he stopped. Some one was standing in its recess.

For a moment he wondered if his fancy were playing him a trick. Then his reason sprang to certainty with so fierce a leap that for an instant his mind recoiled. For we more often stand aghast at the strength of our own feelings than before the enormity of our neighbor's actions.

"Is that you, Chilcote?" he said below his breath.

At the sound of his voice the other wheeled round. "Hello!" he said. "I thought you were the ghost of some old inhabitant. I suppose I am very unexpected?"

Loder took the hand that he extended and pressed the fingers unconsciously. The sight of this man was like the finding of an oasis at the point where the desert is sandiest, deadliest, most unbearable.

"Yes, you are—the expected," he answered.

Chilcote looked at him, then looked out into the court. "I'm done up," he said. "I'm right at the end of the tether." He laughed as he said it, but in the dim light of the hall Loder thought his face looked ill and harassed despite the flush that the excitement of the meeting had brought to it. Taking his arm, he drew him toward the stairs.

"So the rope has run out, eh?" he said, in imitation of the other's tone. But under the quiet of his manner his own nerves were throbbing with the peculiar alertness of anticipation, a sudden sense of mastery over life that lifted him above surroundings and above persons—a sense of stature, mental and physical, from which he surveyed the world. He felt as if fate in the moment of utter darkness had given him a sign.

As they crossed the hall Chilcote had drawn away and was already mounting the stairs. And as Loder followed it came sharply to his mind that here, in the slipshod freedom of a door that was always open and stairs that were innocent of covering, lay his companion's real niche—unrecognized in outward avowal, but acknowledged by the inward, keener sense that manifests the individual.

In silence they mounted the stairs, but on the first landing Chilcote paused and looked back, surveying Loder from the superior height of two steps.

"I did very well at first," he said. "I did very well. I almost followed your example for a week or so. I found myself on a sort of pinnacle, and I clung on. But in the last ten days I've—I've rather lapsed."

"Why?" Loder avoided looking at his face. He kept his eyes fixed determinedly on the spot where his own hand gripped the banister.

"Why?" Chilcote repeated. "Oh, the prehistoric tale—weakness stronger than strength. "I'm—I'm sorry to come down on you like this, but it's the social side that bowls me over. It's the social side I can't stick."

"The social side? But I thought"—

"Don't think. I never think; it entails such a constant upsetting of principles and theories. We did arrange for business only, but one can't set up barriers. Society pushes itself everywhere nowadays, into business most of all. I don't want you for theater parties or dinners. But a big reception with a political flavor is different. A man has to be seen at these things. He needn't say anything or do anything, but it's bad form if he fails to show up."

Loder raised his head. "You must explain," he said abruptly.

Chilcote started slightly at the sudden demand.

"I—I suppose I'm rather irrelevant," he said quickly. "Fact is, there's a reception at the Bramfells' tonight. You know Blanche Bramfell—Viscountess Bramfell, sister to Lillian Astrupp." His words conveyed nothing to Loder, but he did not consider that. All explanations were irksome to him and he invariably chafed to be done with them.

"And you've got to put in an appearance—for party reasons?" Loder broke in.

Chilcote showed relief. "Yes. Old Fraide makes rather a point of it—so does Eve." He said the last words carelessly; then, as if their sound recalled something, his expression changed. A touch of satirical amusement touched his lips and he laughed.

"By the way, Loder," he said, "my wife was actually tolerant of me for nine or ten days after my return. I thought your representation was to be quite impersonal? I'm not jealous," he laughed. "I'm not jealous, I assure you, but the burned child shouldn't grow absentminded."

At his tone and his laugh Loder's blood stirred. With a sudden, unexpected impulse his hand tightened on the banister, and, looking up, he caught sight of the face above him—his own face it seemed, blighted with malicious interest. At the sight a strange sensation seized him, his grip on the banister loosened, and, pushing past Chilcote, he hurriedly mounted the stairs.

Outside his own door the other overtook him.

"Loder!" he said. "Loder! I meant no harm. A man must have a laugh sometimes."

But Loder was facing the door and did not turn round.

A sudden fear shook Chilcote. "Loder!" he exclaimed again. "You would not desert me? I can't go back tonight. I can't go back."

Still Loder remained immovable.

Alarmed by his silence, Chilcote stepped closer to him.

"Loder! Loder, you won't desert me?" He caught hastily at his arm.

With a quick repulsion Loder shook him off, then almost as quickly he turned round.

"What fools we all are!" he said abruptly. "We only differ in degree. Come in and let us change our clothes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hopeless.

"Do you expect to make a business man out of your son?" asked an old friend.

"No, he's hopeless!" exclaimed the father. "I gave him a $1,000 bill the other day, and the first thing he did was to put it under a microscope to see what kind of germs it had on it."

Slow Working Weavers.

There are weavers who turn out only one yard of stuff a year. They are the Gobelin tapestry weavers, who work in the factory in Paris, which is owned by the French government. They average in the year only from one to three yards of goods, according to the fineness of the weave and the intricacy of the pattern. These weavers work at hand looms, where they put in the filling, or weft, with a shuttle held in the left hand. The back of the tapestry is toward them. A mirror shows them the other side. Baskets of wool in every shade or color surround them. They use 1,200 tones in all. Skilled as these workmen are, their pay is no bigger than that of the ordinary American laborer. They get about $600 a year on an average, or about $12 a week. These Gobelin tapestries, requiring years in the making, are of course very expensive. An offer of $30,000 wouldn't get some of them. New Gobelins you can't buy at all. The French government has them made to give away as presents to its friends—people of power and position.—New York Press.

India Rubber.

Caoutchouc was introduced to Europe by M. de la Condamine on his return from Peru in 1730. "It is," said its discoverer, "a most singular resin, as much by the use to which it is devoted as by its nature, which is a problem to our most expert chemists. It flows from a tree growing in several parts of America and is called caoutchouc by the Mainas Indians on the banks of the Amazon." Long before Charles Macintosh began to make his waterproofs in 1823 the natives of Quito were using the rubber for the same purpose as well as for boots and bottles and many other things. The new and mysterious material had a hard struggle for popularity in England. Dr. Priestley probably did more than anybody else to make its novel qualities known, for in 1770 he popularized it forever by showing school children how it could be made to efface pencil marks.

Hurrah.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" is a modern phrase. The "hip" and the "hurrah" do not seem to have come together before the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century hip amounted to just "hi," or "hello," while "hurrah" was then usually "huzza." It is like the Cossack "Ora!" but it is supposed to have been a German cry of the chase adapted by the German soldiers to war and borrowed from them by the English, perhaps first of all at the time of the Thirty Years' war. "Hurra!" is said to have been the battle cry of the Prussians in the war of liberation (1812-13). Still, the curious fact that seventeenth and eighteenth century writers call "Huzza!" a sailors' shout lends support to the conjecture that it may really have been the hoisting cry, "Hissa!"

Whistler a Brilliant Talker.

Whistler was a brilliant talker and a great debater. I shall never forget my surprise when I heard him say for the first time, "Bacher, I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." I never forgot the lesson. Later I found that he had used this effectively in one of his letters to the London World when he said: "Seriously, then, my Atlas, an etching does not depend for its importance upon its size. I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." He spoke French fluently, German less readily. His Italian was very good, especially under excitement, though occasionally a French word slipped in unawares, adding to the picturesqueness. I recall that he considered Poe our greatest poet.—Otto H. Bacher in Century.

Had Plenty of Confidence.

Augustus Thomas, the well known playwright, was talking about first nights and the heartrending anxiety of them. "On my own first nights," he said, "I am a pitiable object, utterly without hope, convinced in advance that my play is bound to fail. At such times I often wish I had the self confidence of Charles Reade. He, after he had dramatized his novel of 'Never Too Late to Mend,' wrote on the margin of a certain passage, 'If the audience fails to weep here, the passage has not been properly acted.'"

British Choral Societies.

If in the pure artistic sense the British people cannot be said to be musical, there are, it must be admitted, individuals in multitudinous numbers who cultivate with eagerness both vocal and instrumental music. But there is unquestionably no people who devote as much time and earnest study and practice to choral singing as the English, and this from the sheer love of it.—Edward St. John Brenon in Strand Magazine.

Old Leprosy Laws.

In the earliest code of British laws now extant—namely, that of Hoel Dha, a famous king of Cambria (the present Wales), who died about the year 950 A. D.—we find a canon enacting in plain and unmistakable terms that any married woman whose husband was afflicted with leprosy was entitled not only to separation, but also to the restitution of her goods.

Fooling the Boss.

Casey—Ye're a har-rd worruker, Dooley. How many hods o' morther have you carried up that laddher th' day? Dooley—Whist, man; Ol'm foolin' th' boss. Ol've carried this same hodful up an' down all day, an' he thinks Ol'm worrukin'.

A Bungle.

Jones—My wife is very shortsighted, you know, and has been so since her girlhood. Smith (after taking a look at Jones)—Oh, then, that explains—er—I mean—it's of no consequence.

That's What.

"A great deal depends upon the dressing," observed the thoughtful thinker.

"Speaking of what?" queried his friend.

"Women and salads," answered the T. T.—Exchange.

Those who want fewest things are nearest to the gods.—Socrates.

His Yankee Thrift.

A Massachusetts man tells a story of "Old John" Langley, a veteran Worcester horseman, that is illustrative of Yankee astuteness.

One day Langley sought his tailor and in somewhat profane terms demanded "a pair of breeches of the best stuff in the shop." Of the many samples submitted Old John hit upon a beautiful silky broadcloth, the most costly piece of goods the tailor had, and, although this was most unsuitable for the purpose, Langley insisted that it was just what he wanted. Furthermore, he declared that he desired it "made up wrong side out."

The tailor expostulated in vain, but the trousers were made as per specifications and delivered.

A day or so thereafter a friend, calling on Langley, remarked on the trousers in uncomplimentary language. Langley said he was satisfied. More guying resulted in an offer from Old John to bet $50 that the cloth cost more per yard than that in his friend's trousers. The bet was taken and the tailor was to decide it. He named the price. The friend would not believe that the rough goods could be so costly until he was shown the shiny silky side. Then he paid, as other men had on similar bets, so that Old John reaped quite a harvest on his original idea.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Better No Food Than No Opera.

The creole would rather do without a few meals than miss a good opera with a fine cast, nor does this admirable spirit merely apply to the middle classes. Many a charming little creole lady who might point to a Marigny on her escutcheon would not hesitate if hard pressed to do her own housework in order to be able to blossom out at night in her proper place, radiant and exquisite, in a loge grille at the opera. It matters little in New Orleans to what unfortunate straits adversity may have driven a lady, even though she may do typewriting for people whom she meets socially, there are enough noble minded people of the ancien regime who will help her to forget the pinch of poverty and see that she receives the greatest consideration. This inbred chivalry is one of the most marked and endearing traits of the southern character, lending to the south an atmosphere free from our parasitical flunkyism over mere money or its insignia.—C. H. White in Harper's Magazine.

A Good Critic.

Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, once wanted a white horse to use in one of his scenes, but no white horse that was suitable could he get. At last a stage hand advised him to apply to a certain distinguished actor manager, who, he said, had such a horse. Sir Henry visited the owner, inspected the horse, and the bargain was concluded, but as an afterthought Sir Henry said he trusted the animal was not fractious.

"Not at all, Sir Henry, I assure you; an excellent horse in every way. Why, I rode him night after night, and all I had to complain of was that he would occasionally yawn when I was on the stage."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry. "A bit of a critic, then, evidently."

The Wind Month.

November was called by the ancient Saxons the wint monat, or wind month, on account of the gales then prevalent. It was also named the blot monat, or blood month, from the ancient practice of then slaughtering cattle for the winter provisions. It is said that the Roman senators wished to name the month after Tiberius, as months had already been named after Julius Caesar and Augustus, but the emperor, like Canute, felt that it was possible to have too much flattery and refused, remarking dryly, "What will you do, conscript fathers, if you have thirteen Caesars?"

The Uncharitable Game!

Golf is considered bad for the temper, but even on a golf course one will not see anything approaching the rudeness that is to be seen on the croquet ground. If a golfer "foozles" a ball or gets "bunkered" he may throw his club about and use a little bad language, but he will not accuse the opponent of cheating and refuse to speak to the unfortunate person for the rest of the day, which a croquet player frequently does.—C. B. Fry's Magazine.

Above His Income.

"So you have decided that Taliaferro cannot marry your daughter."

"Most assuredly not; wouldn't have such a son-in-law."

"What's the trouble? Is he dissipated or profligate?"

"Everything. He has an edition de luxe opinion of himself, but is in reality only a paper backed copy."—New York Press.

The Lobster.

"Aw, g'on, Mike," said the British soldier, attempting to end the argument; you're a lobster."

"Ye flatter me," retorted Mike. "Shure, a lobster's a wise animal, fur green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

True, True.

Today is short. Yesterday has passed. Tomorrow may not come; hence you have no time to waste. If you contemplate doing something, better be at it.—Pittsburg News.

Anything That Came Handy.

Howell—How does that woman strike you? Powell—With any old thing. She's my wife.

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AGENTS WANTED to sell the Novels of PAUL DE KOCK. The *Outlook* says "he is one of the most amusing writers of the century;" and Bulwer wrote of him, "more racy and powerful than any other writer I am aware of." Pamphlet sent on request.

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Saturday, December 29, 1906.

We wish all our readers a very happy and prosperous New Year.

An industrious astronomer, doubting the statement that the telescope makes visible 100,000,000 suns, counted up the number in photographic sections and can find only 64,184,751. The shortage may be another sign of a cold winter.

The New York World says that in government circles E. H. Harriman is regarded as the head of a syndicate of intellect and capital which aims at nothing short of the actual domination of the transportation business of the country.

Great as is the cost of Panama canal operations, no inconvenience has been caused by the payments required. A billion-dollar country will not be embarrassed by the construction of an isthmian canal, or any other sound waterway improvement.

On Tuesday next the pure food law goes into effect. Hereafter adulterated food products can only be sold in violation of law, and the government inspectors will doubtless be very strenuous in the discharge of their duties for the first few months at any rate.

Christmas trade, the country over, this year surpassed all previous records, which shows the great prosperity that is abroad in the land. There probably never was a period in the history of this country when business of all kinds was on so flourishing a basis as now. And yet there are just as many grumblers as ever.

They have gotten up now a Roosevelt third term league, whose avowed object is the election of the President for a third term, but whose real object probably is to bring its officers and members into more or less notoriety. We do not think any third term leagues are required. The people will take care of that matter when the time comes.

The New York World has published a symposium showing the higher costs of all necessities of life and the manner in which such increased costs have been met by the great industries of the country. The average increase in food, clothing and building material in New York City this year has been 20 per cent. In St. Louis it is estimated that food that cost $1 five years ago, now costs $1.66. Food in Massachusetts is estimated to cost 20.88 per cent. more than a year ago. A large number of concerns employing 630,000 men have met these conditions by an aggregate yearly increase in wages of $41,200,000.

Edward G. Buckland, manager of the Rhode Island electrical interests of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Co., says that as soon as the tunnel which is now being constructed under Prospect Hill, Providence, is completed the train service between Providence and Boston will be operated by electricity. He says: "In my opinion it is merely a matter of time before all the trunk lines will be operated by electricity. We have electrified our road as far as Stamford, Ct., and if that proves as successful as we hope it will, we will next electrify the road between Providence and Boston and eventually between Boston and New York."

The General Assembly for 1907 will come together next Tuesday, New Year's Day, when the new State government will be inaugurated. Gov. Higgins and the other State officers will be sworn in and the wheels of legislation will be put in motion. Although the Democratic minority is somewhat larger than last year, yet it is not expected that there will be any undue delay in the organization. There will probably not be much business done for the first few days of the session beyond the appointment of committees and the adoption of rules. On Tuesday, January 15th, will occur the election of United States Senator and probably up to that time there will be considerable canvassing done on that subject. There is nothing in the atmosphere at present to cause the friends of Senator Wetmore any alarm. It looks as though he might be elected without serious opposition in the Republican ranks.

Sam Bullock, Secretary of the misnamed Lincoln Association—for there is probably not a man in it that ever voted for Lincoln—has sent a letter to every member of the General Assembly kindly informing them that they are to be bribed to vote on the Senatorial question, and cautioning them that if they are, they (the Lincoln Club) will furnish the money to prosecute themselves (the members) with. Now this is very kind. And if the members are willing to overlook the implied insult to their integrity they will of course tumble over themselves in their haste to vote for the Colonel's candidate. It would be a sad day for Rhode Island if her Legislature was made up of men who would sell their votes. Such has never been the case in the past and we do not for one minute believe it is at the present time. Such an insinuation by any individual or association is an insult and should be branded as such by every honest man.

The Brownsville Affair.

The following from the New Bedford Standard seems to be a very candid statement of the case, in which the President took occasion to discharge three companies of United States infantry because he was unable to find who of the number were guilty. It says: President Roosevelt clearly feels deeply with respect to the Brownsville affair, which resulted in his discharge of nearly all the members of three companies of United States infantry. His message to the Senate on that subject scarcely suppresses his indignant emotions, while it is far more in the tone of an intense defense of himself rather than of a calm recital of the facts and of the reasoning which led to his findings.

He presents scarce anything in the line of fact which is new, and which has not already been discussed to rags by the newspapers and by individuals and associations which are peculiarly interested in the matter. But the recital is of interest in that it arranges in an orderly and comprehensive fashion the facts as he understands them; and that even its excitement does not obscure the principle on which he acted.

The premises are these: That there was riot and murder in the town of Brownsville, Texas, on the night of August 23d last, and that some of the men connected with these three companies were the aggressors and the criminals; and that when the commanding officers undertook an investigation with a view to discovering the guilty ones, the privates and non-commissioned officers refused to give any information or to assist in the inquiry. Therefore, the President, as he views the matter, was obliged to order the discharge of all the members of the companies, including some who undoubtedly had no direct knowledge about the affair, and some who probably had no knowledge at all. The validity of the conclusion depends very largely on the validity of the premises, and that in turn depends on the evidence. So far as can be seen from such survey as we have been able to give, some of the deductions are forced and sweeping. General Garlington, who investigated the case, says that "they appear to stand together in a determination to resist the detection of the guilty; therefore they should stand together when the penalty falls." Whether this deduction of a severe penalty on account of an "appearance" is altogether justified does not seem so certain to us.

And yet, the President is entirely right in his declaration that "it is vital for the army to be imbued with the spirit which will make every man in it, and above all, the officers and non-commissioned officers, feel it a matter of highest obligation to discover and punish, and not to shield, the criminal." As an aside, we trust that he will take the first occasion that presents itself to enforce this principle in some quarter where the lesson will be even more emphatic—say at the military or naval academies or with commissioned officers. Whether he does or not, it is as he says, a vital principle, which cannot be disregarded without danger. So far as this part of the matter is concerned, he is absolutely correct. We cannot help thinking, however, that all possible means of detecting the guilty were not exhausted in this case, and that justice to the innocent demanded such exhaustion.

Mr. Roosevelt sees fit to discuss the color question in connection with this subject. We think that in this connection he would better have left out that discussion, though what he says is true enough. But the Senate resolution called for no treatment of this issue, and the occurrence at Brownsville ought to be treated with no reference to race question.

A Beautiful Creed.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.

Naval Promotion.

President Roosevelt is still demanding a change in the laws that will allow of promotion in the Navy by merit and not solely by seniority, so that it may be possible for an efficient officer to get his ship before he gets gray hairs and to arrive at the command of a squadron before its time for him to be thinking of his near-at-hand retirement. As matters are, the President tells Congress the youngest captain in our navy is a man of 55; while the youngest captain in the French navy is 47, in the German navy 42, in the Japanese navy 38 and in the British navy 35. The youngest American sea-going flag officer is 59; French, 53; German, 51; British, 45; Japanese, 44. Here's a state of things by which, in the President's opinion, the future of our navy is "gravely compromised." A bill to remedy it has been prepared at the department, and the sooner Congress acts thereon the better the President will be pleased. The proposed new system of promotion will make for economy as well as efficiency, he says.

Two-thirds of the so-called society "400" are ciphers.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington D. C. Dec. 29, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 29 to Jan. 2, warm wave 28 to Jan. 1, cool wave 31 to Jan. 4. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan 2, cross west of Rockies country by close of 3, great of central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states 7. Warm wave will cross west Rockies about Jan. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9.

This disturbance will develop its greatest energies on the Pacific slope and will begin to lose force after it crosses to the east of meridian 90. Trend of temperature will be downward and the cool wave following the storm wave will go to lower degrees than the preceding cold wave. Following Dec. 31 rainfall will increase till about Jan. 8 or 9.

While this disturbance will continue to be of more than usual force it will have lost much of its energies before it reaches the Atlantic coast. Precipitation will probably continue into the eastern states.

Third disturbance of January will reach Pacific coast about 8, cross west of Rockies country by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern states 13. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan 8, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15.

This disturbance will develop its least intensities on the Pacific slope, then gradually increase in force and extent till it is far out on the Atlantic. It will become a furious storm in the eastern states not far from Jan. 13 and a dangerous storm a little later as it passes out onto the Atlantic.

I advise to avoid being on either the north Atlantic or the Pacific west of Portland and Seattle Jan. 12 to 16. This will be one of the three most severe storm periods of the month. Not much rain or snow from Jan. 9 to 17 after which a very radical change in weather events will come and these will be described in next bulletin.

I have repeatedly given warnings of extreme and severe weather events about and following Dec. 29 and again I say be on guard as to weather events about that time. Much suffering and inconvenience have been avoided because of the great winter storms near middle of Dec. having been fully foretold in bulletins dated Nov. 24, Dec. 1 and 8.

An Essay from Roosevelt.

There have been of late so few magazine contributions from Theodore Roosevelt that his essay on "The Ancient Irish Sagas" in the January Century will be the notable magazine feature of the month. Mr. Roosevelt ranks the wealth of poems and tales in the ancient Celtic, and especially in the ancient Erse manuscripts—already a matter of keen interest to scholars—as a treasure-house of literature of much importance and value. He desires to see popularized this literature—"a body of prose and poetry of great and well-nigh unique interest from every standpoint, which in some respects can be matched only by the Norse sagas, and which has some striking beauties the like of which are not to be found even in these Norse sagas"—and to this end urges that, wherever possible, chairs of Celtic should be established in America's leading universities. J. C. Leyendecker's best illustrative work, it is promised, will accompany Mr. Roosevelt's article.

Meat has become so dear in Germany that many are compelled to drop it from the bill of fare. It is an awkward issue in the coming election for the officials who have been at pains to disparage and exclude American meats, which may be safely pronounced the best exported anywhere.

The Mayor of Boston does not believe in the double telephone system. He has accordingly vetoed the ordinance giving a franchise to the Home Telephone Co. The town of East Greenwich in this State also refused to give a franchise to the same or a similar Company.

By simplified spelling the President saved 134 letters in the 125,000 letters of the annual message. He used the word "demagog" five times, which is extremely moderate in a Hearst year, says an Exchange.

Miss Mary H. Hodgson is in Gloucester, Mass.

Election of Officers.

Newport Military Band.

President—A. Livingston Mason.
Vice President—Daniel Boss.
Secretary—C. Elmer Clarke.
Treasurer—M. C. Cullinan.
Librarian—Daniel Boss.
Conductor—William H. Gilliam.
Janitor—George Stevens.
Music Committee—Daniel Boss, William H. Gilliam.

Wecnat Shassitt Tribe, No. 6, Improved Order of Red Men.

Sachem—Robert Foster.
Senior Sagamore—Joseph Brown.
Junior Sagamore—William J. Carr.
Prophet—Benjamin Lawton.
Keeper of Wampum—Robert H. McIntosh.
Keeper of Records—Frank C. Scott.
Collector of Wampum—Harry M. Peabody.
Trustee, for three years—J. Harry Brown.

Ocean Lodge, No. 7, Ancient Order of United Workmen.

Master Workman—Harry L. Burbidge.
Foreman—Alphonso Barker.
Overseer—Benjamin B. Coggeshall.
Recorder—Perry E. Dawley.
Receiver—William Allen.
Financier—Allen C. Griffith.
Guide—Edwin H. Tilley.
Outside Watchman—Daniel B. Carlisle.
Past Master Workman—William E. Albro.
Representative to Grand Lodge—William E. Albro.
Alternate—Robert H. Peckham.
Trustee—George H. Popple.

Canonchet Lodge, No. 2439, O. U. O. of O. F.

Noble Grand—J. W. Clark.
Vice Grand—T. Matthews.
Past Noble Grand—P. E. Yancy.
Noble Father—W. Hallback.
Past Noble Father—James A. Majors.
Chaplain—Rev. H. N. Jetor.
Elected Secretary—G. C. Brown.
Treasurer—Jam T Allen.
Permanent Secretary—E. O. Jackson.
Warden—E. A. Turner.
Inner Guard—D. J. Ayler.
R. S. to N. G.—G. W. Little.
L. S. to N. G.—T. L. Jenkins.
R. S. to V. G.—W. B. Tallifferro.
L. S. to V. G.—W. B. Wilmore.
Advocate—N. T. Jackson.
Color Bearer—W. Bradford.
Marshal—Armistead Hurley.
Degree Lecturers—James E. Majors, Benjamin F. Brown.
Building Committee—Armistead Hurley, president; Clark C. Brown, vice president; D. A. Crockett, treasurer; Nathan T. Jackson, secretary.

Washington Matters.

Many Presidential Messages—Question of Shortage of Freight Cars—Immigration Matters—The Artillery Bill—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20, 1906.

There has never before been a Congress which has received quite so many messages from the President within the same space of time, and the indications are that two more will be delivered soon after the holiday recess. One of these will deal with the problem of car shortage and the other with the need for a more drastic immigration law. The car shortage problem is likely to result in a great deal of Congressional discussion. Whole communities in the northwest have been very close to the freezing and starving point owing to the failure of the railroads to supply them with cars to transport food and fuel. The President has been much interested in the situation and has seriously considered the advisability of presenting a bill to Congress giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to deal with car shortage and freight congestion whenever it arises in addition to their responsibility for fixing railroad rates. The Commission is loath to undertake such important work but admits its necessity. The railroads likewise would also be sorry to see such an important power vested in a federal department. At the same time the situation is very likely to come to this.

President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western who is in Washington this week had a conference with the President and like-wise with the Interstate Commerce Commission. He said that the question of distributing cars where they were most needed was in reality quite as important as the power of adjusting rates. He said that many of the shippers on the railroads were responsible for much of the car shortage as they held cars an unreasonable length of time before unloading them and returning them to the road. He did not say, but it is recognized by the Interstate Commerce Commission and railroad men in general to be a fact, that this misuse and detention of cars is only another form of rebating. The great shippers make demands upon the railroad companies for freight cars and hold them as long as they choose. Small shippers get pinched when there is a shortage of cars but the railroads are afraid to offend the big shippers by demanding back their own rolling stock. The railroads all agree that if there were some federal authority capable of dealing with the situation there are now practically enough cars on the railroads to serve every community and they would not be sorry to see the question of distribution taken out of their hands so that if need arose they could blame the federal government for any harshness toward the big shippers which the railroad companies themselve are afraid to show. All this it will be seen looks to Government control and the frontier between control and ownership is neither a mountain nor a chasm.

President Roosevelt has taken an energetic part in the attempt which has been made for over a year past to control the course of the Colorado river which has now entirely abandoned its old channel and is flooding out an important section of the southwest. This break in the river's banks has not attracted much general attention because the scene of the disaster is so far in the southwest away from the center of civilization. As a matter of fact, however, the Colorado river, which is the third largest river in the United States, has broken through its western bank a little below Yuma Cal. and turning directly northward is flowing down into the old Salton Sea. The Salton Sea is an immense depression, bigger and deeper than the famous Dead Sea and if the river were left alone it would take forty years to fill up the depression and it would make an immense sea as big as Lake Michigan. The river has already done an enormous amount of damage and unless it is checked it is estimated that it will destroy at least $13,000,000 worth of property and farm land. The Southern Pacific railroad has been forced five times to move its tracks out of the way of the rising waters and its engineers have twice thought that they had the break closed. Each time, however, the river has again eaten through and the situation is now as bad as ever. President Roosevelt has wired E. H. Harriman, the President of the Southern Pacific, to use as many men and as much money as may be necessary in closing the break and has promised that he will lay the matter before Congress and secure a government appropriation to bear at least a part of the expense.

With over a million immigrants coming annually to the United States the President has decided that the time for drastic immigration legislation has arrived and it is announced that soon after the holiday recess of Congress an executive message will be sent in outlining the legislation which it is advisable to enact. The President had T. V. Powderly, former Commissioner of Immigration in Europe all the past fall and summer, examining into the status of immigration abroad, the attitude of foreign governments toward it, and the methods employed by steamship companies in drumming up this sort of passenger traffic. In this country he has had James B. Reynolds and Commissioner of Labor Charles T. Neill making a thorough inquiry at New York, Boston and other ports of entry with a view to seeing just what the situation is and how it may be best dealt with. Recommendations for legislation based upon these investigations will be embodied in the forthcoming message.

Urgent efforts are being made by the friends of the army in both branches of Congress to secure the passage of the so-called Artillery bill which has been embodied in the army appropriation bill. This measure will provide for raising the number of the sea coast artillery corps from 14,000 to 19,000 men. It is not generally understood just how much importance attaches to this measure. Following the recommendations of the Endicott Board in 1884 this government has engaged in a very extensive work at all important sea coast points where immense fortifications and heavy sea coast guns have been installed. There has already been expended in this work over $100,000,000, just about the contemplated cost of the actual construction work on the Panama canal. Most of this work has already been finished and guns worth hundreds of thousands of dollars are standing idle covered with tarpaulins because there are not men enough available to man them. It would take about 56,000 men to furnish shift at each of the sea coast points where they are needed and these guns must be moved and turned on their mountings every day to prevent the foundations from settling under them and rendering them entirely useless.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

When One Is Choking.

"Raising the left arm as high as you can will relieve choking much more rapidly than being thumped on the back," said one of the resident physicians of a local hospital. "This should be more generally known, for often a person gets choked while eating when there is no one near to thump him or her. Very frequently at meals and when they are at play children get choked while eating, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free, so that it can be swallowed. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more rapidly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if a child sees that older persons or parents get excited it is very liable to become so also. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the obstruction passes down the throat."—Philadelphia Record.

Humors of Translation.

Victor Hugo always translated the Firth of Forth as "the First of the Fourth" and swore that he was right, too, while Disraeli noted with amusement "woebegone" as "douleur vaten." An early translator of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" had it as "La Bride de Lammermoor," the second word meaning "bridle," and the same man rendered "Welsh rabbit" by "Lapin du Pays de Galles." The case of "La Derniere Chemise de l'Amour" for "Love's Last Shift" is classic, and when the farce "Hit or Miss" was done into French it almost was billed as "Frappe on Mademoiselle." That delightful piece in which Toole was at his funniest, "Walker, London," was referred to in a French newspaper as "Londres qui se Promene." The best that the translator could do for the "Stickit Minister" was "Le Ministre Assassine."

Lincoln and His Beard.

It was a child who persuaded Abraham Lincoln to wear a beard. Up to the time he was nominated for president he had always been smooth shaven. A little girl living in Chautauqua county, N. Y., who greatly admired him, made up her mind that he would look better if he wore whiskers and with youthful directness wrote and told him so. He answered her by return mail:

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1860.

Miss Grace Bedell:

My Dear Little Miss—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, never having worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now? Your very sincere wellwisher,

A. LINCOLN.

Evidently on second thought he decided to follow her advice. On his way to Washington his train stopped at the town where she lived. He asked if she were in the crowd gathered at the station to meet him. Of course she was, and willing hands forced a way for her through the mass of people. When she reached the car Mr. Lincoln stepped from the train, kissed her and showed her that he had taken her advice.—St. Nicholas.

Deaths.

In this city, 23d inst., LaFayette Dwelly.

In this city, 27th inst., Edward P. Marsh, in his 71st year.

In Middletown, suddenly, 21st inst., George E. Ward, in the 54th year of his age.

In Tiverton, 23d inst., Allison Durfee, in his 41st year.

On December 21, at her late residence, 834 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia, Jessie Isabella, widow of the Rev. William Spencer Child, aged 68 years.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from $200 up to $2,000. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from $400 to $700.

Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9.30 till 6.30 o'clock, from April till October every year.

Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day.

Newport office, 182 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

A king may do no wrong and still come within an ace of it.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE

New England Commercial Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders will be held Tuesday, January 1st, 1907, at three o'clock p. m.

A semi-annual dividend will be paid to the stockholders on and after January 2d, 1907.

N. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.

December 21st, 1906—12-22

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1906. STANDARD TIME.

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
29	Sat	7 24	4 40	6 12	6 35	6 55
30	Sun	7 24	4 41	rises	7 10	7 35
31	Mon	7 24	4 42	5 41	7 48	8 14
1	Tues	7 24	4 43	6 25	8 25	8 55
2	Wed	7 25	4 43	7 30	9 05	9 40
3	Thurs	7 25	4 44	8 21	9 45	10 21
4	Fri	7 25	4 45	9 17	10 32	11 17

Last Quarter, 8th day, 8h. 4mm., morning.
New Moon, 15th day, 1h. 5mm., morning.
First Quarter, 22d day, 10h. 4m., evening.
Full Moon, 30th day, 1h. 44m., evening.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c

CLEVELAND HOUSE,

27 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for Permanent or Transient Guests, having all modern improvements and conveniences.

New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water.
Electricity and gas in each room.
Modern plumbing.
Hardwood finish, enamelled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.

$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

Cornelius Moriarty,

27 CLARKE STREET,

2-21 NEWPORT, R. I.

Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dudley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Shuey, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers,

MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Full Line of all the NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.

3-24 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

SOCIETY AS A UNIT

Its Recognition Would Make a Fraternal Nation

ALL FOR COMMON GOOD

Lyman Abbott Tells How Labor and Capital May Rid Us of Individualism Which Has Inspired Our Country

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 28.—That the United States is passing from an age of individualism into one of fraternalism in which the government will take added responsibility for the welfare of the people, was the contention of Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, who addressed the Associated Academic Principals in this city last night. He took for his subject "The Coming Age."

"In industrial activity," Dr. Abbott said, "we are moving from the principle of every man for himself toward what is call fraternalism, where the common good is the main consideration. Upon this country God has poured out untold wealth and we have said, 'Go in and get it,' and men have done it. A man of whom I knew put $60,000 into a gold mine and in two years, without do i stroke of work or using his brain, took out $2,000,000.

"This system is not just and we are going to leave it in the rear. When I say this I do not mean that we will leave it in the rear by socialism. Socialism assumes that all functions can be done by the government. This may be so, but it is not proven. We do not want the state to own all the tools of production, but we do want the democratization of industry and the control of industry by the people for their own good.

"A corporation is, in its essence, a democratic contrivance by which a large number of men combine their money and share in the distribution of profits. If a corporation was honestly administered it would be beneficial. The thing to do is not to destroy it, but to make it serve the purpose for which it was intended.

"What we want to do is to bring the corporations under the government control the same as we have the banks. A labor union is a fraternal organization. We want to make the unions broaden out and realize that labor and capital are partners in a common enterprise. The individualism which has inspired our country in the past has led to vices of self-conceit, self-will and greed. The remedy lies in the recognition of society as a unit.

"There are three streams running towards fraternalism—religion, government and industrial activity. Religion is not a purely personal affair as those who believe in individualism would have us believe. It is not true that a man's religion is no concern of his neighbor. Most of the Commandments have to do with the relations of men with others. Religion is social. Individualism has broken up the church into 300 denominations. We shall not get unity of the church of Christ by going back to the state where a few men determined our religion for us. That is paternalism in religion.

"In government, too, we are getting away from the old individualism. The old idea that the only function of government is to protect life and liberty and property is wrong. We no longer regard government as simply a night watchman. Municipal government owns water and lighting plants and exercises sanitary functions. The state educates the children; the federal government widens harbors and does many other things for the welfare of the people.

"The state is an entity which has a right to do for itself whatever it can do for the advantage of itself. The world has never seen a more inspiring sight than that of the education of all children by the state."

Millions Facing Starvation

Washington, Dec. 24.—President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation calling on the people of the United States to contribute funds for the relief of millions of famine sufferers in China, who are on the verge of starvation. The president says that he will ask congress for authority to use government transport vessels to carry food to the famine-stricken region.

Many "Lifers" In State Prison

Hartford, Dec. 24.—The arrival at the state prison of Charles M. Bishop, who murdered Mrs. Caroline E. Williams in Tolland county, brings the number of life convicts up to 71. This is the largest census of criminals ever undergoing life imprisonment at Wethersfield. Of the 71 life convicts three are women.

A Quick Endurance Test

Santa Barbara, Cal., Dec. 24.—During a straightaway run of four hours in her endurance test, the new cruiser South Dakota averaged 22.24 knots an hour. It was one of the speediest trials on record, the cruiser being in port only a trifle over 48 hours.

Terrible Record of Tragedies

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 26.—Seven murders, two suicides, one assault which may result fatally, one death by train and one accidental shooting which may be fatal occurred in this city within 48 hours.

Perisa's Dying Monarch

Teheran, Dec. 26.—The latest information from the palace shows that the shah's reserve strength is gradually failing. He no longer rallies when given stimulants.

Black Hand Man Caught

New York, Dec. 28.—Police detectives who are making concerted efforts to break up the Black Hand gang operating so extensively in this city claim to have captured an alleged leader redhanded last night. Vincenzo Fote was arrested after receiving, according to the police, $250 which Giovanni Valentine, proprietor of a billiard room, had been frightened into giving him.

UP TO PRESIDENT

Congress Will Make a Fight For Negro Troops

TO BE LED BY FORAKER

Ohio Senator Said to Have Reserve Ammunition Up His Sleeve and May Give Administration a Surprise or Two

Washington, Dec. 27.—The administration is preparing to give Senator Foraker a fight to the finish in his effort to compel the president to reverse his order discharging the negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth infantry. Assistant Attorney General Purdy has been sent to Brownsville to get affidavits of evidence already obtained by Major Blocksom. If the senate shall pass a resolution questioning the word of Blocksom, as Senator Foraker has done, the president will be prepared with affidavits from the mayor of Brownsville and other citizens whom Blocksom interviewed, swearing that they did testify as Blocksom reported.

Reports reaching the war department show that the senate agitation appears to be having an unfortunate effect on the discipline of other negro troops in the service. Senator Spooner is expected to reply to Foraker when the senate reconvenes.

"I think the story of what the president intends to do in the matter is too silly to discuss. Please do not ask me to comment upon it," said Senator Foraker, when his attention was called to the report that President Roosevelt would veto any measure that congress might pass restoring to the service the negro members of the Twenty fifth infantry who were discharged without honor from the army on a charge of engaging in riotous behavior at Brownsville, and that if such a measure were passed over his veto he would refuse to obey it, pending a decision by the United States supreme court.

Two interpretations may be placed on this statement of Foraker above quoted: First, that he doubts that the president has assumed the attitude he is said to have taken; and secondly, that it doesn't worry the Ohio senator much, even if the president's position has been accurately stated in the press reports. The Ohio senator is a fighting man. The controversy that has developed over the Brownsville incident gives him an opportunity to gratify his taste for battle.

Mr. Foraker absolutely declined to enter into any discussion of his intentions in connection with the case of the discharged soldiers when the senate reconvenes after the holiday recess. It is known, however, that he is making preparations for another speech on his pending resolution which provides for an investigation of the whole Brownsville matter by the senate committee on military affairs.

Indications are that the Foraker resolution will be passed early next month. There are intimations that Foraker didn't use all his ammunition in the speech he made last week concerning the Brownsville incident. His friends say that he may have a surprise or two in store for the administration.

It is expected in Washington that an ugly situation will develop as a result of the president's action and the utterances ascribed to him relating to the discharged negro infantrymen. The Foraker resolution promises trouble, and it is known that another move will be made in congress to test the temper of the president in the case. The president has declared time and again that in no circumstances would he consent to the restoration to the army of any of the discharged men unless conclusive evidence could be presented justifying such a step.

A test case will be made, it is understood, in behalf of Mingo Sanders, a sergeant in the Twenty-fifth, a veteran with a fine record, whose dozen or more honorable discharges bear testimony to his efficient service as a soldier and his character as a man. Sanders served in the army 25 years. He saw service in Cuba when Mr. Roosevelt was in the island as an officer of the famous Rough Riders, and it is related that on one occasion Sanders, at the solicitation of Colonel Roosevelt, furnished food of which the Rough Riders were very much in need.

It is said to be the program to introduce a bill providing that Sanders shall be cleared and his name restored to the rolls of the army. This will be putting the case up to the president with a vengeance. Nobody who knows the facts believes, however, that the president will make any exception for Sanders' benefit.

Brownsville Inquiry Begun

Brownsville, Tex., Dec. 28.—M. D. Purdy, assistant United States attorney general, accompanied by Major Blocksom and W. W. Mercbler, a confidential clerk to Secretary of War Taft, besides an official stenographer, have begun an investigation into the rioting of negro soldiers last August. It will probably require several weeks to complete the inquiry. The examination is conducted privately.

Quarreled Over a Woman

Chicago, Dec. 26.—In the presence of the four troops of the Fort Sheridan squadron of the Ninth cavalry, who had just begun their Christmas dinner in the dining hall of the fort last night, Sergeant Griffin shot and almost instantly killed Corporal Taylor of the same troop. The men, who are negroes, quarreled over a woman and the shooting followed.

Shot by Little Son

Baltic, Conn., Dec. 28.—The 6-year-old son of James B. Brown secured a 22-calibre revolver which had been left where he could get it and it was in some manner discharged, the bullet striking his mother in the head above the left ear. The ball was extracted and it is believed she will recover.

HICKS IS RESCUED

Brave Miner Emerges From the Valley of the Shadow

ENTOMBED F FTEEN DAYS

Not Emaciated and Aided Himself at the Last Moment—Dangerous and Tedious Task Is Crowned With Success

Bakersfield, Cal., Dec. 24.—Lindsay B. Hicks, released from an entombment of 15 days in a caved in tunnel, appears well and happy after his gruesome experience, spending much time in receiving the congratulations of friends and neighbors to whom he related the feelings he underwent within the dark, close quarters of his tomb-like prison near the dead bodies of five less fortunate companions while scores of men worked like beavers day and night for more than two weeks to save him from death by digging through many feet of earth and rock.

Hicks was once a soldier and he is said to carry some Indian blood in his veins. His bravery under the trying conditions won for him the admiration of hundreds of persons who watched the progress of his exhumation. Hicks was not emaciated at the finish. He was so strong that the stimulants that had been prepared for him were not needed.

It was 11:25 o'clock Saturday night when Hicks was released. The last cut on the drift was made at 11:02 o'clock and no sooner was the segment of debris removed and the way left open than Hicks began to scrape away the rocks and earth and crawl toward the opening. With arms in front of his head, he went into the miniature tunnel and began to work his way slowly through to the other side of a dumpcar near which he had remained during the excavating. When he had progressed about half way he stopped and Superintendent Miller, who stood at the tube at the mouth of the shaft, called and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing," Hicks called back. "I'm just going to stop. I'm out of wind. My wind is very short, you know."

Then Hicks moved a few inches further toward freedom, and his arms were seized by Dr. Stinchfield and Miner Gents. The two pulled the miner into the main tunnel, where he was placed in a sitting posture. The blindfold that Hicks had been ordered to put on was removed, as the tunnel was only dimly lighted by a candle.

And, there, a hundred feet from the face of the mountain and within a few steps of the place where the miner had lain entombed for nearly 16 days, there occurred a pathetically joyful scene.

While working on a tunnel that was building by the Edison Power company near Bakersfield on Dec. 7, the vertical walls of a deep cut fell in on Hicks and five fellow workmen. It was at first thought that all had perished. Three days later a tapping on the iron rail of the little tramway running through the drift gave the first intimation that a man, still alive, was buried beneath the debris.

A 70-foot pipe two inches in diameter was immediately forced through the debris. It reached the spot where Hicks was entombed. A heavy dirt car had become wedged in the debris in such a way s to keep the immense weight from crushing him.

When Hicks pulled the wooden plug from the iron pipe and called to the men above him his voice sounded like one from the grave.

By means of the pipe Hicks kept in communication with a big force of rescuers. Milk was poured down the pipe. This was the only sustenance possible to give the man for nearly two weeks. During the first two days Hicks said he had been living on a plug of tobacco. He had just exhausted this when the pipe was forced into the crevice in which he was pinned.

It was thought at first that his rescue would at the most be only a matter of a few days, but as the work progressed it was seen that the task was a much more difficult one than was anticipated. In a narrow space under the car there was just room for Hicks to lie down. His prison did not allow of the slightest freedom of movement and for days the man lay on his back, not daring to move lest he might disturb the car overhead and bring down upon himself an avalanche of dirt that would mean his death. Through the pipe he directed the work of rescue, guiding the course of the tunnel the miners started toward his prison so that it would not by some chance disturb the equilibrium of the car which was all that lay between him and death. Before the end of the first week the stench from the decomposing bodies of those who had died in the cavein made his position almost unbearable.

It was found when the rescuers had reached to within a few feet of the entombed man that it would be impossible to reach him from above. Another tunnel had to be started, this time directly underneath the spot where he lay, so as not to risk bringing down the great pile of earth supported by the car. This work required the most delicate timbering and was slow.

Neck Broken by a Train

Middletown, Conn., Dec. 27.—The body of a man found with his neck broken, lying beside the railroad tracks in the snow, where, it is believed, he was tossed by a train, was identified as that of Frank Quinn, aged 37, of Lonsdale, R. I. He had been employed at a bridge works in East Berlin.

Alleged Concealment of Assets

Boston, Dec. 28.—Charles D. Johnson, a former grocer and provision dealer, with three stores in Chelsea and one in Everett, was arrested on a charge of concealing assets from his trustee in bankruptcy. He was arraigned before Commissioner Hayes and pleaded not guilty. He was held in $1500 bail for a hearing. A brother furnished bonds.

BRIDE MAY LOSE ARM

Unfortunate Result of "Serenade" at a Wedding Reception

Rutland, Vt., Dec. 26.—Andrew Farrell, a young farmer of Ira, nine miles from here, was arrested and brought to the house of correction in this city where he is held pending a hearing on the charge of assault with attempt to kill on Mrs. Mary P. Gilmore at Ira on Monday night. Mrs. Gilmore had just been married and it was during a wedding reception that the shot was fired. Farrell denies all knowledge of the shooting, claiming that he did not have a gun in the vicinity of the scene of the shooting.

Mrs. Gilmore is said to be out of danger, but it is thought that her arm will have to be amputated above the elbow. Mrs. Henry Gilmore, a sister-in-law, was shot in the shoulder, but is comfortable.

No motive for the shooting has been found, and it is the general belief that the gun was discharged during a so-called serenade of the bridal couple and that the bullet had been left in the weapon through oversight.

Farrell Held For Grand Jury

Rutland, Vt., Dec. 27.—Andrew Farrell was arraigned before Justice Farnsworth, charged with assault with intent to kill on account of the shooting of Mrs. Charles Gilmore at Ira during a reception following the wedding of Mrs. Gilmore on Christmas eve. Farrell pleaded not guilty and was held without bail for the grand jury. Mrs. Gilmore's condition shows no improvement.

Negro Soldier Assaults Woman

El Reno, Okla., Dec. 28.—A negro soldier of the Twenty-fifth infantry assaulted Mrs. T. S. Clifford, wife of a physician of this place, near the Rock Island station. Great excitement prevails and talk of lynching is heard on every hand. This is the same regiment of which three companies were dishonorably discharged by President Roosevelt. The negro violently seized Mrs. Clifford around the waist and threw her into the street, exclaiming that the sidewalk belonged to him. Mrs. Clifford screamed and the assailant fled.

Judge's Usefulness Impaired

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The judiciary committee of the Chicago Bar association, which has been investigating certain acts of Arthur Chetlain, superior court judge, charged with having been interested in various financial transactions which came under the jurisdiction of his court, found the jurist "guilty of grave infractions of conduct becoming a judge and that he has seriously impaired his usefulness as a judge."

Mrs Blaine Gets Divorce

Yankton, S. D., Dec. 24.—A divorce was granted Saturday night to Mrs. James G. Blaine, wife of the son of the former secretary of state, on grounds of non-support and desertion. The case began shortly before 7 o'clock and at 8 o'clock the decree had been granted and the divorced wife had taken a train for Washington. This breaks the record for the time consumed in a divorce hearing in South Dakota.

Plain Citizen as Ambassador

London, Dec. 25.—James Bryce has declined a peerage, according to The Daily Telegraph, and he will go to the United States as British ambassador without changing his name and thus be the first plain citizen to represent his country at Washington.

Burglars Started Big Fire

Atlanta, Dec. 25.—Five hundred horses and mules were burned in Harper Bros.' livery stable. The loss is about $160,000. The fire was started by safe blowers, who exploded the safe in the office, by overturning a lamp

TIRED OF LIFE AWFUL SUFFERING

From Dreadful Pains From Wound on Foot—System All Run Down After Six Months' Agony—Not Able to Work—Completely Cured in Two Weeks

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"Words cannot speak highly enough for the Cuticura Remedies. I am now seventy-two years of age. My system had been all run down. My blood was so bad that blood poisoning had set in. I had several doctors attending me, so finally I went to the hospital, where I was laid up for two months. My foot and ankle were almost beyond recognition. Dark blood flowed out of wounds in many places, and I was so disheartened that I thought surely my last chance was slowly leaving me. As the foot did not improve, you can readily imagine how I felt. I was simply disgusted and tired of life. I stood this pain, which was dreadful, for six months, and during this time I was not able to wear a shoe and not able to work.

"Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The consequences were I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies of one of my friends who was a druggist, and the praise that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle, for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes."

Robert Schoenhauer,
Aug. 21, 1905. Newburgh, N. Y.

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Mailed Free, "The Great Skin Book."

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Dead Man's Name on Payroll

Boston, Dec. 28.—James P. Timilty, a local politician, was fined $200 in the superior court for violating the civil service laws. The evidence showed that Timilty, when foreman of the city paving division, carried the name of his father-in-law, William Craven, on the city payroll a year after Craven's death. Timilty employed a relative to do Craven's work without undergoing a civil service examination.

License Commissioners Ousted

Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 27.—License Commissioners Hosler and Davis of the town of Cumberland were dismissed from office at a hearing held before the town council. Hosler was charged with malfeasance in refusing to grant a liquor license to Patrick Casey, it being alleged that Casey had refused to pay him $130. Davis was charged with conspiring with Hosler to prevent the granting of the license.

To Penetrate Northern Maine

Bangor, Me., Dec. 28.—The full board of railroad commissioners met here for a hearing on the petition of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad company to proceed with their survey of a new branch line. No remonstrants appeared and the commissioners granted the petition. The new branch will run from West Scbois for 145 miles to St. Francis, near the Canadian boundary.

TO BE SHOT ON SIGHT

Fate of All Suspicious Dogs In the Suburbs of Boston

Boston, Dec. 28.—The state cattle bureau chief, Dr. Peters, and the various city governments and boards of selectmen have taken prompt steps to end the careers of mad dogs, and to see that the long list of victims during the last two days, which was increased yesterday, receive proper treatment to prevent rabies. Already the first contingent has started for New York and the others follow today.

A post-mortem on the big St. Bernard killed in Wakefield Tuesday has shown that he had rabies in its worst form. Dr. Clark, the city veterinary, broke his knife and cut his hand during the dissection of the beast and he goes to New York, too, as it is feared the rabies-affected blood came in contact with his.

The police all over the metropolitan district are looking for the Beachmont dog. The five children bitten there are to be treated by the Pasteur institute, at the expense of the town of Revere. Patrolmen there, as in Wakefield, Woburn, Melrose, Malden, Everett and other places in the Mystic valley, have been ordered to shoot on sight suspicious dogs.

Without Regard to Etiquette

By OTHO B. SENGA

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It was characteristic of Ross Brady that he laughed, although somewhat bitterly, as the gaudy auto car dashed by. He had received but the merest nod of recognition from Miss Danvers.

"Ross, my boy," he soliloquized, "you must have made a mistake in thinking you were invited to join this festive crowd."

He took a small envelope from his inner coat pocket and read portions of the note in a mumbling undertone, adding caustic comments as he proceeded:

"'My dear Ross.' M'm, dear Ross feels pretty cheap about 23 cents' worth at the present moment! 'There will be a small party of us at Wiers from the 16th to the 27th.' Well, I'm only two days in the rear—not bad for a laboring man! 'It would be very pleasant if you could be there at the same time.' M'm, pleasant! I wonder just where the pleasure comes in! Well, here we are. Ross, brace up!"

He furtively flicked the dust from his shoes and ran lightly up the broad terraces to the hotel piazza.

He had hoped that Effie would wait for him. She must have known that he was on his way to call upon her.

The torturing minutes seemed hours, after he had sent up his card, and he felt the scarlet flood mount to his forehead again and again as some laughing girl stole a second glance at his handsome face and stalwart figure.

When Effie came down the stairs gowned in white she seemed to the embarrassed young fellow the embodiment of coolness and self possession.

Her greeting was hardly courteous, in degree removed from cordiality, and she spoke with some asperity.

"Why, Ross Brady, where are you staying? I expected you to register here!"

He crimsoned under the reproof of her voice and manner; then the square shoulders were set back, and the heavy chin hardened.

"You know, Effie," gravely, "that I could not afford the rates here. I am at a farmhouse a mile away. I can be with you whenever you wish, Effie," pleadingly.

She seemed not to hear him.

"And your call just now, Ross," fretfully, "is wholly without regard to etiquette. I only came down to tell you that you can come again tomorrow, and be sure to send up two cards, one for me and one for Mrs. Lyons, the chaperon of the party.

He laughed shortly.

"Effie, the card I sent up is probably the last one I have. My vacation is necessarily a brief one, and"—

"Oh, Ross," in an excited whisper, "here comes Miss Van Vance! Do go! It mustn't be seen talking to you like this. She is from New York and awfully"—

Brady waited no longer. He bowed formally to Effie and turned sharply toward the door, meeting Miss Van Vance on the threshold.

She looked squarely into his eyes as they passed with an expression that he afterward recalled and wondered about.

She's a good deal older than Effie and those other girls," he mused. "I wonder"— Then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What difference does it make anyhow? I'll write Effie a note. I was a donkey not to think about cards. I don't wonder she was annoyed. she wants to be correct about matters of etiquette, of course."

But Brady's honest heart was sore indeed on the following day when the messenger returned with no answer to the pleading little note he sent to Effie.

He put on a rough suit of flannel and started for a tramp, striding rapidly along the country road, his handsome face moody and forbidding.

The sound of wheels roused him from his unpleasant reflections.

"It is country etiquette," said a clear voice, "for one who drives to ask one who walks to 'have a lift.'"

He turned quickly. It was Miss Van Vance, seated in a light Stanhope, driving a high stepping bay. She smiled down into his astonished face, reined and turned the animal with a quick movement of her supple wrist, glancing invitingly at the seat beside her.

Brady had never before been challenged in just such a way, and his blood rose. His usual diffidence vanished; he stepped promptly into the vehicle and seated himself, saying easily, "Is it etiquette for the one who walks to introduce himself to the one who drives?"

"It isn't necessary," coolly. "You are Ross Brady; you were brought up on a farm in northern Vermont; you have studied all sorts of ologies and isms, and you are now taking the advanced course in metallurgy at the Harvard summer school."

"Who told you?" rashly.

"No one. I simply put two and two together. The sum is seven! I wasn't sure, but your question proves it."

"I am easily trapped," admitted Brady.

He felt a sudden sense of ease and confidence and of comradeship with this stately looking girl, and almost before he knew it he was pouring forth the whole story of his aims and ambitions, his plans and hopes, even to his love for little Effie Danvers and his chagrin at her cool reception.

Miss Van Vance listened interestingly, smiling half sadly.

"Mr. Brady," she said slowly, "I am older than you, and I have had, perhaps, wider opportunities for observing human nature. And I am like Samantha Allen—I know women just like a book because I've been one quite a spell. It is a woman's nature to want a man to beat down all barriers, even those she herself has erected. Is the hint sufficient, Mr. Brady?"

"I think so," gaily, "and I thank you, Miss Van Vance."

It was not upon the suggestion, yet it was two days before he summoned courage to go again to the hotel.

"Miss Danvers is not here just now," said the talkative bellboy. "That whole party is out on the lake—that is, they're gettin' ready to go. You'll find them, I guess, if you go down," pocketing a dime with accustomed celerity. "They're goin' in a launch."

For an instant Brady was tempted to go away. Then he thought of Miss Van Vance and ran quickly down the steps to the boat landing.

Miss Van Vance, standing on the float, greeted him delightedly.

"I am so glad you happened along. Can you spare the time to go around the lake with us?"

Brady surprised himself with the ready ease of his acceptance.

Miss Van Vance introduced him with an air of proprietorship. "My friend, Mr. Brady," adding, as she presented him to Miss Danvers, "The fact that you are both Vermonters ought to be an immediate bond between you two."

Poor little Effie colored and faltered. She dared not say they were old time friends in the face of Brady's somewhat formal acknowledgment of the introduction.

With delicate tact Miss Van Vance drew out Brady's gift for narrative, and he was soon in the midst of an absorbing story of a genuine wild fox hunt.

The other two young men of the party were seated in the bow of the launch, smoking.

Suddenly a sheet of flame shot high into the air. A lighted match had ignited the gasoline in the escape basin, and an explosion of the main tank seemed inevitable. The young fellow employed to run the launch was paralyzed with fear.

The girls shrieked in terror, and two or three sprang upon the seat to leap into the water.

"Sit down!" shouted Brady sternly.

He plunged his hand into the fire and turned the valve, thus stopping the flow of oil from the main tank. Then he threw himself against the flames wherever they appeared, beating them out with his coat and bare hands.

The other men, recovering from their momentary panic, wet their caps and assisted him.

Then some one screamed again, and Miss Danvers' clothing was seen to be on fire in the back. Brady instantly threw his arms around her, smothering the flames against his own body.

No one was more than slightly injured, except Brady. His arms and hands were quite badly burned, and the physician looked grave as he dressed them.

"I hope you will pardon the manner in which I embraced you, Miss Danvers," said Brady nonchalantly. "I fear it was hardly according to etiquette"— glancing humorously at Miss Van Vance.

"You are a splendid hero!" cried Mrs. Lyons hysterically. "Effie should be proud to be embraced by such a man."

"Even if he is an utter stranger," added Miss Van Vance significantly.

Effie threw back her girlish head defiantly and stepped to Brady's side.

"He is not a stranger!" she exclaimed, putting her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Ross and I have been engaged ever since we were children. Only I—I"—

"Never mind, Effie," interrupted Ross tenderly; "you needn't try to explain."

"I congratulate you both," said Miss Van Vance cordially, "only," teasingly, as she held Effie's hand warmly in her own, "only, Miss Danvers, your manner of announcing your engagement is so wholly without regard to"—

Effie smiled brightly through her tears. "I know, Miss Van Vance, and I deserve a lesson. You have been a good friend to me."

"Better than you know, little Effie," murmured Miss Van Vance to herself as she turned away, "and the temptation was greater than you can possibly understand."

Wrestling With English.

A writer in the Boston Transcript recalls some amusing blunders foreigners make in using English. A Hungarian journalist, leading up to an account of an earthquake, told how merrily the evening had passed. Just before the crash came the ladies had retired to their rooms, whereas "we man was remaining in the coffee." A French dressmaker advertised her work as "grand, elegant and swell." A polite and sympathetic Jap wrote, "I'm rather sorry you have been so ill," and a Parisian lady asked to be recommended as a teacher of French and added, with exquisite naivete, "I am not obliged to earn my life, but I want to have too strings to my arc." An excited Italian, when he had sent a manuscript with a page missing, wrote, "If anything like this happens again, notify me suddenly." These infelicities recall also the Mexican diplomat at Washington who affably remarked, "Your climate in Buffalo is wat you call deeticoolt, eh?"

Diplomatic.

An Irishman was recently traveling in a train accompanied by a minister, when two very stout ladies entered the compartment. They placed themselves one on each side of Pat, who was, of course, much crushed.

The minister, on seeing him so placed, said, "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?"

To this question Pat quickly replied, "Sure, your honor, I haven't much room to grumble."—London Answers.

How He Learned English.

Carl Schurz once told a friend something of his early struggles with the English language. He knew it about as American college boys know their German—that is to say, barely at all. One day, "deciding such nonsense must end," he entered a bookstore and asked for the classic of the English language. A wise clerk gave him "The Vicar of Wakefield." He carefully translated it into German and put his work away for six weeks. At the end of that time he translated his translation back into English and then made a searching comparison between his version and that of Goldsmith's original. "After that," he said, "I knew English."

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PUNY EAST INDIANS.

The Native Born of English Parents Are a Sorry Lot.

"The queerest sight you see in India is the native born," said the sailor. "The native born is the thinnest, softest, laziest, sallerest thing in the way of a white man that was ever invented.

"And he is the proof that England won't never colonize India. For the English can't live in India, you see. The moist heat of that there land, with its nights of 110 degrees and its noons of 130 or worse, takes the strength and backbone out of an Englishman, gives him liver trouble and makes a complete wreck of him.

"If he goes back home, he may recover his health. If he stays in India, he don't never recover it. If he has children born in India, those children are called native born, and for poor, little, puny, spiritless critters they're the limit.

"If them native born English have children in their turn—well, that third generation of native born has none, at least. It is a generation of idiots, paralytics, cataleptics, cripples. If you was to see an army of native born of the third generation, you'd think you had the rams sure.

"Let England get out of India. She does the Indians only harm, and what she does for herself is to turn tall, strong, bloomin' young colonists into them skinny, yeller, whimperin' speeters what you call native born."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE ART OF TALKING.

Things That Are Essential to a Good Conversationalist.

To be a good conversationalist you must be spontaneous, buoyant, natural, sympathetic, and must have a spirit of good will. You must feel a spirit of helpfulness and must enter heart and soul into things which interest others. You must get the attention of people and hold it by interesting them, and you can only interest them by a warm sympathy—a real, friendly sympathy. If you are cold, distant and unsympathetic you cannot get their attention.

To be a good conversationalist you must be broad, tolerant. A narrow, stingy soul never talks well. A man who is always violating your sense of taste, of justice and of fairness never interests you. You lock tight all the approaches to your inner self, every avenue is closed to him, and when they are closed your magnetism and your helpfulness are cut off, and the conversation is perfunctory, mechanical and without life or feeling.

You must bring your listeners close to you, must open your heart wide and exhibit a broad, free nature and an open mind. You must be responsive, so that a listener will throw wide open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his heart of hearts. —Success Magazine.

Undiscovered Crime.

"Can you point out a man who at the age of thirty has not committed at one time in his life a crime that would have sent him to the penitentiary?" remarked a trusty at the penitentiary the other day. "I do not believe that there is a man living, excluding, for the looks of the thing, the clergy, who has not done something to bring him here had he received his just deserts. It is not always a great crime that sends a man to the penitentiary. There are men in here for stealing chickens or clover seed or nothing at all. It is easy to get behind the walls. There are many men on the outside who should be in here. I am personally acquainted with a few myself. But the difference between these people and myself is that I have been caught and they have not."—Columbus Dispatch.

Willie Also Discovers.

A teacher in charge of the second primary grade at a Denver school was telling the children about Columbus one day not long ago. She told them all about the home life of the discoverer of America and all about his people.

"His relatives," she said, "were wool combers."

The next day Columbus was discussed again. "By the way, children," said the teacher, "do you remember what his relatives were?"

There was a moment of profound stillness. Then a little fellow in the rear of the room raised his hand.

"You may tell us, Willie," said the teacher.

"They was barbers," said the boy.—Denver Post.

Oranges.

This is the West Indian way of preparing oranges for the table: Peel the oranges, taking off as much white skin as possible; then slice them off all round as you would an apple, regardless of the sections. This leaves the seed, tough, stringy central part and most of the inner skin together and is a much less tedious process than removing the skin by sections. Use a very sharp knife, so as to make clean cuts and not crush the fruit.

Cold Calculation.

"You should do something to claim the gratitude of posterity."

"What for?" asked Senator Sorghum. "I don't know that posterity will have anything I especially desire, and if it should have there is no way for it to deliver the goods."—Washington Star.

Makes Him White

"Jimmy's got a great scheme to get out o' school on nice days."

"How does he work it?"

"He goes out an' washes his face, an' the teacher thinks he's ill an' sends him home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Grindstones Wet and Dry.

The strength of a grindstone appears from tests to vary widely with the degree of its wetness or dryness, stones that are dry showing tensile strengths of from 116 to 180 pounds a square inch, but after soaking overnight breaking under stresses of 80 to 110 pounds a square inch.

Gladstone's Lack of Humor.

It was universally acknowledged that Mr. Gladstone's memory was prodigious, but there was a certain lord chief justice of England who thought the statesman's memory of his feats of memory more prodigious still. On one occasion after listening to what seemed to him a "tall story" of some happening of the great man's early years the lord chief justice determined to go him one better. So he said that he remembered when he was only six months old, and, lying in his cradle, he saw his nurse surreptitiously help herself to a glass of brandy and said to himself:

"As soon as I can speak shan't I tell my mother!"

"The thing is absolutely impossible," was Mr. Gladstone's comment in his gravest tone.

The lord chief justice said afterward that he had been beaten because he had reckoned on Mr. Gladstone having a gleam of humor.

"I was mistaken," he said sadly.

Mixed Metaphor.

Mr. Spurgeon was a [illegible] collector of mixed metaphors. [illegible] rich field in the correspondence that daily overwhelmed him. Two or three are given in the Cornhill. A lady inclosing a small contribution for his schools wrote, "I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a Hercules in your hands." The pulpit prayers of ambitious probationers added something to the great preacher's store. One prayed that "God's rod and staff may be ours while tossed on the sea of life, so that we may fight the good fight of faith and in the end soar to rest." Still another prayed, "Gird up the loins of our minds, that we may receive the latter rain." "As if we were barrels whose hoops were loose," was Mr. Spurgeon's laughing comment.—St. James' Gazette.

Bustling Mme. de Stael.

In my last letter I mentioned going to visit Mme. de Stael. She was just going out as I got to the door, and but for Mr. Rogers, who was coming out as I went in, I should not have gained admittance. There were many persons with her, and she was running about and talking as fast as possible. Her dress and manners are very extraordinary. The news of Lord Wellington's victory had just arrived, and she descanted upon it with much animation. I cannot better describe to you the bustle she makes than by saying that, leaving her, the streets of London seemed solitary, for as to noise and hurry and rapidity in the succession of events there is as much difference between her room and them as between them and the park at Butstrode.—London Athenaeum.

The Peacock at Home.

The real home of peacocks or peafowls is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As the birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail and are called the tail coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible. Job mentions them, and they are mentioned, too, in I Kings x. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

Moscow's Old Drug Store.

The greatest drug store in the world will be found in one of the most backward countries of the world. It exists in Moscow and is over two centuries old. Its title is the Old Nikolskia pharmacy, and since 1833 it has been in the family of the present proprietor. It is a building of imposing dimensions, with many departments, including one of professional education for the staff, which numbers 750 persons. They make up about 2,000 prescriptions a day, and so perfect is the organization that an error is seldom recorded.

A Good Guess of Long Ago.

During the American Revolution an English magazine published an estimate of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000 and assuming that it would double itself every twenty-five years, the writer estimated that in the year 1800 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. This may be taken as a most remarkable prophecy, inasmuch as the census of 1890 fixed the total population at 62,622,250.

Rough on the Doctor.

When a physician takes a vacation his medical friend who looks after his patients in his absence often resents being called the "assistant." The relieving doctor would prefer to be known as colleague or coadjutor or substitute. An old lady recently added a new synonym when she announced that she was being treated by her own physician's "accomplice."

Worse Still.

Irate Husband—I wish, madam, you would not interrupt me every time I try to say something! Do I ever break in when you are talking? His Wife—No, you wretch; you go to sleep!

Malicious.

Gladys—I refused Fred two weeks ago, and he has been drinking heavily since. Ethel—Isn't it about time he stopped celebrating?

It is estimated that £80,000,000 worth of British treasure lies sunk along the route from England to India.

A Freak.

Maud—She's quite a linguist! She has eight tongues at her fingers' ends. Bill—Is she in a museum?—New York Times.

Paying your debts is an expensive way of getting commercial credit, but unless you are rich it's about the only way.—Puck.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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THE TINY SCIARA.

A Procession of Worms Seen in Hungary and Norway.

In some of the Hungarian forests and in the pine woods of Norway there exists a tiny, wormlike insect called the sciara, of the genus tipula. During the month of July or early in August they gather together in large numbers, preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge serpent-like mass, often reaching a length of between forty and fifty feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to compose a continuous line of the size above mentioned is almost incalculable. Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose.

M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, said that if the rear portion of this wonderful snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours without apparently noticing that they are getting no "forrader" on their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will reunite in a short time. The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it it is regarded as a good sign, but if it makes a way round the reverse is believed.

FAIR PLAY.

A Plea That Is Respected by Almost All Classes of Men.

There is an appeal to which nearly all classes of men give heed—let us have fair play. You may address a schoolful of mischievous boys on the beauties of goodness, on the evils of cruelty or harshness to their fellows, and they will laugh at you. Exhortations to avoid any abstract evil or wrong and appeals to follow any abstract virtue will seem hazy to almost any collection of ordinary, healthy and lusty young boys, but if their sense of fair play be addressed there is a ready response.

Go among a crowd of wharfingers or longshoremen or the roughest and most reckless sailors, who have neither home nor principles of any sort, and talk to them of the things of the head or of the heart, and they will think that you are a harmless but quite futile specimen from crankdom. Try to awaken in them a horror of the brutality of their usual life, speak in moving terms of the force and beauty of kindness or of virtue or of any attribute of a polite and civilized society and way of life, and you will be soliciting the wind, talking to a statue, shouting in the desert. But in the most uncouth assemblage and in the vilest haunt in the English speaking world mention fair play and found your argument and your plea on that basis, and the effect is instant and eloquent.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Overtended.

Corned beef hash as made by Senator Hanna's cook was very popular in Washington several years ago. When the head waiter of the senate restaurant wanted hash prepared very carefully he ordered it this way: "One corned beef hash for Senator Hanna." One day when the restaurant was doing a heavy business almost everybody seemed to want corned beef hash. "Corned beef hash for Senator Hanna" had been ordered fourteen times. When the fifteenth order went down to the kitchen the chef shouted: "That's fifteen orders for Senator Hanna! He'd better watch out or he'll founder hisself."

Saved the Situation.

"Ha, here comes Ratcliffe with a dagger! My last moment has arrived!" exclaims one of the characters in a new melodrama. Unfortunately, however, the actor representing Ratcliffe had forgotten the dagger and come on the stage without it. But he was equal to the occasion. "Villain," he exclaimed, "thou thoughtest thou sawst a dagger in mine hand. 'Twas thine evil conscience supplied the vision. But I will slay thee with a blow of this strong right hand," which he proceeded to do.

More Positive.

"Well," said Cudley scornfully, "I'll bet you didn't do the proposing. It's a safe bet that your wife asked you to marry her."

"No," replied Henpeck, "you're wrong."

"Oh, come now, be honest."

"No, she didn't ask me; she told me to."—Philadelphia Press.

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ON and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 12.50, 3.05, 5.05, 8.10 p. m. Return 6.35, 8.50, 10.50 a. m., 12.50, 2.50, 3.55, 4.50, 8.00, 8.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 8.10 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 6.00, 9.10 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 8.10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Taunton Division, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.10 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 8.10, 11.04 a. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.27, 6.55 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Wely Village and Taunton, 7.02 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
aBoat from Fall River.
A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Sup't.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.
Newport & Fall River Division.
TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sept. 26, 1906
Newport, City Hall. Leave—6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10 m., 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50 p. m. Portsmouth car barn only.
Fall River, City Hall. Leave—5.15, 5.55, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50, a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10 p. m., for Stone Bridge and Tiverton only.

NEWPORT CITY CARS.
Change of Time September 26, 1906.
Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—6.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays—6.30 a. m., then same as week days.
Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays—6.52 a. m., the same as week days.
Leave Franklin Street for Bench—6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 5.45 p. m., then for Cliff avenue only 6.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
Leave Bench for Franklin Street—7.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.00 p. m., then from Cliff avenue, 6.22 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.37 p. m. Then 11.15 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
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Mollie's Ministration

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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The elusive fever of a new creation was upon Feltus. In the twilight of his top floor studio he sank into a chair and reached out vaguely for matches and cigarettes. Here, with these alone for light and stimulant, he meant to stay till the great idea itself was clear before him.

Presently the portieres parted. Peter, the old family butler, stood in the doorway. He gazed fleetingly at his young master, whose head had dropped into his hands.

"It's a girl, Mr. Morris," he said.

"Nothing of the sort, Peter," retorted Feltus indulgently, lighting another cigarette. "It's a new picture coming; that's all."

"It's a girl, Mr. Morris, downstairs," Peter said gravely. "That's what the nurse tells me."

"Whew-w-w! A girl! How is Mrs. Feltus?"

"Doing fine, sir. Anything I can get for you, sir?"

"Scotch and seltzer, Peter—Scotch and seltzer; that's all."

But when the good old butler had vanished Feltus' brows went together.

"A girl! By Jove, what do I want with a girl?"

He was suddenly conscious that at some time or other he had entertained visions of a boy, who should be his son and heir—a strong, sturdy little fellow, born into the world with the power to whistle and whittle full fledged. But a girl!

Thus was Mollie's advent into this sublunary sphere greeted by her father. Little by little, however, she won her way straight into his heart. From the day when, bending over a fluff of perturbed lace, a tiny pink fist had been thrust up, by chance caressing his face, and he had laid it against his lips—from that day had dated Mollie's witchery over her sire.

Daddy was the name Mrs. Feltus had taught the child to call him, but, baby fashion, she had twisted it into "Taddy." This title always fetched Feltus an exquisite pleasure, such as could have scarcely have come to him had he been dubbed an R. A.

At first it seemed that Mollie would bring them together again—these two young people who in their married life of less than a score of months had drifted so far apart.

"Isn't that pretty? And how devoted they are, not only to the child, but to each other!"

This was whispered "aside" from one of the Feltus aunts to another. They happened to be calling on the proud parents when Feltus had been hastily summoned away and were privileged in witnessing that pretty little domestic act commonly called a "jumble kiss."

But the happy domesticity was all in the seeming. Further and further they drifted apart—two warring temperaments; he with his warm, impulsive nature; she with her cold, jewel eyed aloofness. She had her white ambitions, her mobile flits on the possibilities of woman's destiny; he had his artist's work and the habit of devotion to it.

At last it became intolerable, and the storm broke.

There was one unforgettable morning stamped upon Mollie's memory. With a gay little chuckle she had flown off from the vigilance of her nurse, holding her nightgown from her feet, and was about to burst into Taddy's studio to kiss him good morning when strange, angry tones in a torrent of unintelligible words reached her from within. It was not dear mother's voice. Mother's voice was always low and slow and even. This woman's voice was none of those things. But by and by mother herself came out. Mollie half stretched forth her hand to clutch her skirt as she passed, but withdrew it, afraid. Mother's head was held so high, she walked like the angry princess in the fairy book, and there was a bright red spot on either cheek.

All was still in the studio, so the child ran in. Feltus was pacing up and down in his velvet knickerbockers and smoking jacket, his hand behind his back.

"Taddy," Mollie cried gleefully. "I dot away from nurse, I did! I tum to tiss you."

As the baby arms clasped him Feltus sank into a chair, and she climbed to his breast. There was a stillness except for the man's hard, tremulous breaths as he held her closely to him.

On an easel at one end of the room was a canvas in the making. Even in its rough state one could see that it possessed power and insight. It showed a girl, a sumptuous oriental creature, swathed in gay draperies, reclining on a couch. With half closed, sensuous eyes and luring languor she contemplated a jeweled chain which she held up in one hand. Painted above the canvas was the title, "The Snare of the Senses."

"She didn't get the idea, Mollie," Feltus said brokenly at last, looking at his picture far over the child's sunny head. "She thought—good Lord, she thought it was the flesh I meant! She couldn't see it was the jeweled chain."

It was true. This was a painting which required pre-eminently a subjective interpretation. Yet Evelyn Feltus, with her restricted insight, had read it objectively, as she did everything else in life, and had whipped herself into an impotent fury. She couldn't see that it was the jeweled chain which was snaring the woman's senses, the sort of thing that always snares that sort of woman's senses. To Evelyn the woman herself was a snare and the flashing jewels only a part of her.

Over and over in the months that followed Feltus traversed the wretched scene in the studio which had led to their separation. It had been a blow on naked nerves. The woman there walking up and down the room reproaching him seemed not to be Evelyn, his wife. She was a cruel, imperious changeling. One thing had fixed itself upon his mind immediately. To accomplish any work whatever he must go away. Italy? Oh, no! In his present condition he needed an environment that should serve as a tonic rather than weaken with emotional excitement. Norway or Scotland? But both were so far from Mollie! The dear old Canadian woods it should be—the place where as a boy he had been wont to spend his summers.

Now that he had been there for many months one memory in his parting from his wife still hurt him and served as a sort of scourge. The final words spoken between them had been friendly enough (Evelyn was too patrician for anything else), but his artist's eye of unrelenting accuracy showed him that she looked smitten. * * * Ah, in the beginning how he had loved her, his jewel eyed girl bride! "Crusskets of beryl, topaz and lapis lazuli," he had been heard to call her eyes. And how he had dreamed that the cool, folded petals of her nature would one day, under his skillful handling, unshroud a latent, gorgeous blooming! His skillful handling! Deft as his fingers were with brushes, now they had bungled with this woman's lot!

If there had come a gradual hope to Feltus' breast that Evelyn might recall him gradually, too, it had gone. Her silence was as cold as the Canadian winter. But just as the last vestige of hope seemed to have vanished came a telegram:

"Mollie very ill. Wants you. Come at once."

On the small white bed in the dim room Mollie tossed wearily.

"I want Taddy, Taddy, but he won't tum. "Oh-h," pressing her little hand to her stomach, "it hurts!"

"Mollie my baby!" Feltus bent over her, his gaze blurred with tears. One of her quaint, benuing little smiles greeted him. "I jes' knowed you'd tum, Tuddy!" she cried.

After the first long embrace a feverish whim seized her. "I want a jumble tiss! Oh, you haven't forgotted, Taddy?" she cried in shrill tones of distress as a constrained silence ensued.

"We must humor her," murmured Evelyn, with downcast eyes. "Even though it is a foolish game, we can pretend."

Presently, with infinite content, the child fell asleep. That is what the physicians had said she needed. Heretofore her rest had all been uneasy dozes, dominated by her unsatisfied wish for her father.

The "game" was over, but Feltus still kept his arm about Evelyn.

"She might waken, you know," he explained, nodding down at the baby cheeks on which the long lashes rested. How still it was in the room! How loudly the cable cars clanged! Presently the man spoke again:

"Don't you think—maybe—for Mollie's sake"— It was then that Evelyn broke in irreverently, incoherently perhaps, but he understood:

"I know now. It was the chain in the painting. I couldn't see till I overheard some one explaining it at an art exhibition. Oh, I was vulgar, common! I thought"—

"You did not understand me, sweetheart. You never did," Feltus said simply. But there was no hint of reproach in the big, protective gesture with which he tightened his arm about her. "Will you try now, Evelyn?" he added gently.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, oh, yes, Morris!"

And Mollie slept—a sound, refreshing sleep. An incipient dimple showed in her cheek and a pretty smile on her baby lips, as if in some fashion she was conscious of the worth of her ministration.

Mozart's Part.

It is said that the time which Mozart most willingly employed in composition was the morning from 6 or 7 o'clock until 10, his hour of rising. After this he did no more for the rest of the day unless he had to finish some particular composition at a given time. He worked very irregularly. At times he could not be drawn from an idea which possessed him. At other times he had a distaste for work. It once happened that he put off some music which he had engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform. The Emperor Joseph, who was peeping everywhere, cast his eyes on the sheet from which Mozart appeared to be playing and was surprised to see nothing but lines upon it.

"Where's your part?" he inquired curiously.

"Here," replied Mozart, with a bow, touching his forehead.

Love's Trials.

Bride—There! I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month, and already you have ceased to care for me.

Young Husband—Why, my love, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever.

"It isn't so. I know it isn't. You took meals at our house lots of times before we were married, and you scarcely touched anything. Ma said she knew you were truly in love because you had no appetite."

"Of course, dear, but"—

"And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast."—Pearson's Weekly.

Municipal Newspaper.

Dresden is one of the few cities possessing a municipal newspaper, and this was bequeathed to the city by the late Dr. Gunt. The bequest is a very valuable property and consists of a daily newspaper, which in consequence of its extensive circulation is the principal advertising medium in the neighborhood. The profits are applied to the beautifying and improvement of the city and to charity.

"Bells of Shandon."

In one of the dormitories of the Irish college at Rome there is a space on the wall left unpapered and unpainted, whatever repairs the rest of the room may undergo, for there, carelessly scrawled, is the first rough draft of Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon."

Who Owns an Employee's Invention?

Many an inventor is not a mechanic and is not even sufficiently practical to work out the details of an invention, so that it is necessary for him to employ the skill of some one else actually to construct the invention. A complete inventive act consists of a mental conception of the invention, followed by a reduction of the invention to practice. If an employer forms a complete mental conception of the invention and then has his employee construct the thing he has conceived, the employer is regarded as the inventor. The relation of employer and employee exists not only where a manufacturer uses his own regularly employed mechanic, but where any inventor employs any mechanic to reduce his invention to practice. In this sense a corporation employed to build a machine embodying an invention would be an employee as to the inventor. If there arises any controversy as to who made the invention that is, as to whether the employer or the employee made the invention—the presumption is that the employer made it, and the employee must show by convincing proof that he made the invention before his claim will be entertained.—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

There Was No Mission.

The Rev. Eugene Vetromile, an Italian priest who was the pastor for many years at Eastport and who was well known for his missionary labors among the Passamaquoddy Indians and also for his educational work in their language, having compiled a dictionary and a grammar in that tongue, was extremely conservative in all matters relating to his church and was violently opposed to anything that might change its routine. A young lady of his congregation once urged him to establish a mission in Eastport in order to rouse some of the lethargic members of the church whose spiritual condition the good father had been deploring.

"No, no," he replied, with his quaint accent. "I do not approve of missions. Dey make de excitement, but their effects are not lasting."

"Oh, yes, they are," she insisted.

"Well, in that case, you do not need one, for you had one dree years ago!"—Boston Herald.

The Cauliflower.

Of the word "cauliflower" a writer in the London Chronicle says: "The modern spelling is artificial, and if we were to write it as we pronounce it, 'collyflower,' we should be taking a step back in the natural direction. 'Coleflorye,' as they spelled it in the sixteenth century, brings out the true meaning of the vegetable's name—'flowered cabbage'—'cole' being an old word for cabbage and 'florye' representing the French 'flori,' or 'fleuri,' flowered. But because in Latin it was called 'cauliflora' it began to be written 'colieflorle' or 'collyflorle' in English, probably by deliberate assimilation to the Latin, and eventually even to be written 'caull,' though still pronounced 'colly.' Meanwhile the second part of the word got popularly corrupted to 'flower.'"

Lange's Stolen Base.

One of the funniest incidents in base stealing happened in Chicago one of the years that Bill Lange led the league in base running. It was a close race between Lange and Hamilton for the honors in base stealing, and the season was drawing to a close. The game was close, and Lange led off in the eighth inning with a two bagger. Anson went to bat and left down a perfect bunt, intending to sacrifice. He went out in a close finish at first and, looking up, discovered Lange still perched on second. He was furious, but that condition was mild compared to what he experienced an instant later when Lange stole third and took the lead for base running honors.

Chaldean Weapons.

The analysis of Berthelot not only shows that the Chaldean weapons, ornaments and tools of 5,000 or 6,000 years ago were of pure copper, but that iron, silver and gold were known. The copper age preceded that of bronze, which appeared later in both Egypt and Chaldea. It is further noted, moreover, that the form of hatchets with handles, the process of manufacture and even the practical uses were the same for the pure copper hatchets of Chaldea and the prehistoric hatchets of Europe.

Odd Plunders.

Anthony Trollope was heartily laughed at by his acquaintances for causing Andy Scott to "come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." But what is a slight error of this sort in comparison with Amelia B. Edwards' description in "Hand and Glove" of her hero "passing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

Is This the Average Man?

The average man is still jealous of his helpmeet and partner. His ideal at heart is still the farmyard cock, strutting about with all his worshipful hens around him. He is willing to find them nice little bits, but they must not be able to find them for themselves.—London Saturday Review.

An Extremist.

"He's a great reformer, isn't he?"

"Oh, he's worse than a reformer. His ideas would upset the whole social and business world. He said if he had his way he'd put in jail everybody who ought to be there."—Philadelphia Press.

Tried to Be Cheerful.

The Minister's Wife—I'm afraid Mr. Skinflint does not realize that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The Minister—Oh, I don't know! The less he gives the more cheerfully he gives it.

Between Trains.

Visitor (after having ordered a bottle of wine). "Waiter, when is the next train to Blummelhausen?"

Waiter. "In half an hour, sir."

Visitor (after tasting the wine). "What jolly good stuff! Waiter, when does the last train go to Blummelhausen?"—Fliegende Blatter.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Women's Dep't.

The Discovery of Democracy.

Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, writing on the Discovery of Democracy, in the Times Magazine, has this significant paragraph: "The realization of this democracy, which is the justification of America to the world, is to be accomplished by the men of America—not the good men, or the rich men, or the business men, or the respectable men, but by the men—and when I say men, I mean women, too. For women are included in democracy; they, too, are entitled to their own personalities, and to have them count. Men vote because they are men; that is the only reason. Women should vote, that is, take part in democracy, because they are women; that is all. Men's humanity gives him this right, and woman's humanity gives her this right. The perfect democracy is a sphere not a hemisphere, and every personality in it must play its part, for good or bad."

Colorado Talks Back.

The Chairmen of the Republican and Democratic State Central Committees of Colorado have denied the statements, set forth in a widely copied dispatch from Denver, to the effect that woman suffrage is a failure in that State. Republican Chairman Vivian says the "interview with recognized leaders of the dominant parties" took place in the too imaginative brain of some reporter.

Church, State and Women.

The Nevada Mission Congress of the M. E. Church, held recently at Lasseuville, Cal., passed a resolution in favor of woman suffrage by a unanimous vote. Bishop Warren of Colorado was in the chair.

Movable History.

A traveler who passed through a small English town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native; "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."—Harper's Weekly.

A Distinguished Example.

Critic: No really great character in fiction has been produced during the past twenty years.

Reeder: O, I don't know. What's the matter with H. H. Rogers?

Bishop Potter relates that on the first occasion when he visited bishop Eastburn, Phillips Brooks' predecessor as bishop of Massachusetts, bishop Eastburn, after dinner, fidgeted a little, glancing at the side-board. Bishop Potter's father had been well known as a stern opponent of the use of tobacco. But presently bishop Eastburn rushed to the side-board and got a box of cigars, at the same time remarking, facetiously:

"Dr. Potter, I presume that you don't smoke?"

"Whenever I get a chance I do," answered Potter. Whereupon bishop Eastburn's face broadened into a smile and he exclaimed:

"Thank God! I was afraid you had inherited the detestable prejudice of your father."—Rochester Herald.

A senator hurried into the United States senate chamber one morning early and said to the page:

"Young man, did you find a ten dollar bill on my desk last evening? I wrote a letter, intending to inclose the bill, but somehow I failed to do so, and left it behind on the blotter."

"Yes, senator," said the page, taking out his wallet. "I did find that bill and here it is. And it's a lucky thing for you, sir, that none of the other senators happened in before I saw it."—Cleveland Leader.

After Hearst had made a speech at a New York station one day last week, and as the train was drawing out, a small boy shouted out:

"Sixteen rats, sixteen cats, sixteen dorned old democrats."

It hit the crowd squarely on its funny bone, says the New York Sun, but the boy's mother didn't see the humor. She grabbed him, shook him and screeched: "Oh, you Willie, you'll get it when I take you home!" There were cheers for republican Willie and for Willie's ma as the train pulled out.

"How fast can fish go?" asked the boarder who was always searching after truth.

"Well, I've seen a fish go in about two minutes, right at this table," said the boarding house lady, staring at the questioner.—Yonkers Statesman.

"John, you ought to get in earlier nights; the idea of a man of your age going out till this time of night, and me here all alone—it's disgraceful! It causes talk!"

"That's what it does, dear."—Houston Post.

"Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked the discontented employer.

"Well, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley, "I s'pose I could do mo', but I never was much of a hand foh showin' off."—Washington Star.

"John, I'm afraid our Jimmie is associating with bad boys."

"Why so?" asked the father.

"Because I saw him spit twice through his teeth today."

Two residents of a suburban neighborhood were talking of the merits of gas and electricity and their comparative cost. "Well, I haven't figured it out carefully," said the man who used electric light, "but I know I save lots of matches."

"No truer words were ever spoken than these: 'A fool and his money are soon parted,'" said the lecturer.

"That's so," said a voice from the rear of the hall; "we all paid fifty cents each to get in here!"

The Father (to boy back from college)—Well, son, how much money do you owe?

The Son—Well—er—dad, how much have you got?—Harper's Bazar.

Edward—Why did Grace marry Fred? She wasn't the least bit in love.

Edith—Heavens no! She thought Ada wanted him.—Judge.

These Men are Needed.

Workers.
Progressive men.
Men of gumption.
Men who have no time to croak.
Farmers who can organize and lead.
Men who believe in new enterprises.
Farmers who believe that farming pays.
Solid business men with a farm training.
Men who develop the social life of the town.
Men who will develop the home market.
Hustlers who will combine Western push with Eastern shrewdness.
Men who love the soil and are not ashamed of their calling.
Men who take pride in their town and try to advance its welfare.
Men who will practise and teach the business end of farming.
Men who are not afraid to do their duty when holding local office.
Men who will save and work, as they would in the West, to succeed.
Men who believe that, everything considered, their own State is good enough for them, and as good as any other section of the wide earth.

How She Regarded It.

The former head of a large private school in Cleveland was a gentleman of dignified bearing, refined and correct always in manner and speech. By birth and early rearing he was a Vermonter, and doubtless of straight Puritan extraction. One day, in his boyhood, his mother called him in from the yard where he was playing with some other boys to say to him, in a tone suggestive of mingled sadness and severity:

"Noble, my son, I never thought to hear you use a swear word!"

"Why, mother," said the boy, "I didn't use any swear word. I only said the devil. Nobody thinks that's swearing."

"I don't care," cried the mother, quickly; "it's making light of sacred things."—Cleveland Leader.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' Association convention in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

"But, above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old captain Hiram Cack of Gloucester.

"Cack lay very ill. One day he got down-hearted, feeling that his case was hopeless.

"'I fear, doctor,' he said, 'there isn't much hope for me.'

"'Oh, yes, there is,' the doctor answered. 'Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now.'

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly:

"'What doctor did you have?'"

Timothy Woodruff, chairman of the New York Republican state committee, was once enjoying a walk in the vicinity of Albany when he came upon two men rolling about in the road in a desperate fight, according to Lippincott's. The man on top was pummeling the other unmercifully. Mr Woodruff intervened, with the result that an armistice was declared between the two.

"I don't see how you can look me in the face," indignantly exclaimed Woodruff to the man who had been on top, an individual who was a much larger man than his opponent. "Don't you know that it's an infernal shame to keep striking a man when he's down?"

A blond grin came to the countenance of the rebuked one. "Sure me friend," he said, "if ye knew all the trouble I had to git him down ye wouldn't be talkin' like that!"

Six millions of women in this country, according to figures given by the Technical World, are today engaged in gainful occupations. In the open labor market these women compete with men workers; yet only in the four States of Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming are these women equipped with that most effective weapon of defense, so prized by the workingman—the ballot.

"In the great Empire State of the greatest Republic in history, the purest woman is still politically on a level with the vilest criminal and the most driveling imbecile."—JOHN SPARGO, in December Craftsman.

Mrs. Sklannm—Why are you all hiding from Tommy?

Little Lizzie—Tommy is the butcher coming with his bill.—Philadelphia Record.

Customer—I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle.

Clerk—You'd better have an egg, ma'am.—New York Mail.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Two-thirds of the so-called society "400" are ciphers.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

A king may do no wrong and still come within an ace of it.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

A savage dog is the wayside cross of the hungry hobo.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

There is something wrong with a small boy who keeps his face clean.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

Florida's Magnificent Train —The Southern's Palm Limited.

In addition to the already excellent train service in effect to Florida, on January 7, 1907, the Southern Railway will inaugurate from the East, the magnificent train so appropriately named, "The Southern's Palm Limited" which will leave New York daily except Sunday 12.10 p. m. The Southern's Palm Limited, since its inauguration several years ago, has proven very satisfactory, and its popularity from the beginning is sufficient proof to insure for the coming season even a more liberal patronage than in the past. The train is composed of the very highest class equipment, including Pullman Compartment and Drawing Room Sleeping cars, Club car, Library and Observation cars, and Dining Railway Dining cars, all brilliantly electrically lighted, and is operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, also handling one Pullman Drawing Room State Room Sleeping car, between New York, Aiken and Augusta, daily except Sunday, and twice each week a through car between New York, Summerville and Charleston. The New York and Florida Express leaves New York daily at 8.25 p. m. Also U. S. Fast Mail leaves New York daily at 12.10 a. m; the former carrying through Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping car, New York to Tampa, also Augusta, Ga.; the latter, Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping car, New York to Jacksonville. Dining car service on both trains. For descriptive matter of the South and general information, call or apply to Geo. C. Daniels, N. E. P. A., 228 Washington St., Boston.

Wrong Ways of Saving.

Don't save money by—

Using cheap soap. You will ruin your complexion and have to buy cold cream if you do.

Sewing in the dark. Gaslight is cheaper than oculists' bills.

Going without luncheon. You will injure your health and digestion if you do.

Walking when overtired to avoid car fare. You save in money, but undermine your constitution, says Home Notes.

Overworking. Nobody thanks you. You will be cross and irritable and your husband will wish you were not so zealous.

A Mean Trick.

"You met Miss Hawkaway through Mr. Kidder, I believe. I didn't know he was a friend of yours."

"He isn't."

"O!—er—I thought he was—"

"So did I."

Horatio G. Herrick, of Lawrence, Mass., for many years sheriff of Essex County, took a lively interest in the schools of his home town. Shortly after Garfield's death Mr. Herrick visited one of the schools and made an address upon the life of the statesman. He asked:

"Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?"

A little hand went up, and a little girl replied:

"A statesman is a man who makes speeches."

"Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."

The little hand again went up, and the answer came, triumphantly:

"I know; a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"—New York Tribune.

On his last visit to America, Paderewski, the eminent pianist and composer, was introduced, somewhat against his will, to a man of little apparent culture who professed great interest in music and much intimacy with its finer phases.

"We artists, you know, Mr. Paderewski," he remarked, "have our moods and tastes in common, which the ordinary man is incapable of understanding or sympathizing with. You, Mr. Paderewski, have your instrument, to which your life is a devotion, and I have mine. I rejoice in you as a brother artist."

"And what," inquired the great virtuoso, with desperate politeness, "is your instrument, Mr. ——?"

"The meadolin, sir," was the proud response.—Harper's Weekly.

Lady Holland was once taken down to dinner by Mr. Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine. Something was said about "squaring words."

"What does that mean?" asked Lady Holland.

"I will tell you," answered Mr. Babbage; "you take a word, for example, like horse. That contains six letters—"

"Six!" exclaimed Lady Holland, involuntarily; "don't you mean five?"

"No, no," Mr. Babbage rejoined, "there are six letters in horse."

"Surely not," persisted Lady Holland, and spelled the word. "Ah," remarked the great man, "I never could count. That is why I invented the calculating machine."—Argonaut.

A quack doctor whose treatment had evidently led to the death of his patient was examined sternly by the coroner.

"What did you give the poor fellow?" asked the coroner.

"Ipecacuanha, sir."

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to give him when he died."—New York Tribune.

A good story is told of a minister who preached a sermon on Methusaleh in a lunatic asylum. When he came to the place in his discourse where he stated that Methusaleh lived to be nine hundred years old, a man in the audience arose and told him in a very emphatic tone of voice that it was a lie. After the meeting the minister asked the man why he doubted the statement as to Methusaleh's age.

"Why," he said, "I ought to know his age; Methusaleh and I went to school together."

"But," protested the young housewife, "you ought to take off something for holes in these doughnuts."

"Very well, madam," replied the wise baker; "I'll allow you one cent each for the holes when you return them."—Chicago Daily News.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HIS
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Thomas Spicer married Abigail Davenport, daughter of Francis and Sarah Davenport, who came from Willington, Derbyshire, English to Burlington Co. New Jersey in 1691; was of Chester-field in 1707, when Francis Davenport made his will; mentions children Francis, Isaac, Sarah Hall, Anne wife of Isaac Decow, Abigail, Esther and Rebecca Davenport, daughter-in-law Susanna Field; son Francis executor; Proved April 16, 1707. (Liber I. p. 174). Children of Thomas and Abigail (Davenport) Spicer were Jacob Spicer, who married in 1746 Mary Lippincott, and he died Oct. 31, 1779 without issue.

Thomas Spicer, who married Oct. 1, 1744, Rebecca (Day, daughter of Humphrey) Samuel Spicer, who was born Oct. 29, 1720. md. (1) Nov. 16, 1743 Abigail Willard; md. (2) Sarah Potter of Shrewsbury, and he died in 1777.

7. Samuel Spicer, died before he was twenty-one years old, therefore not mentioned in will of either of his parents.

8. Mary Spicer, b. 1671; md. Jeremiah Bate, son of William Bate, who made his will Nov. 6, 1700, mentions sons Joseph and Jeremiah, and daughter-in-law Mary Bate, and son-in-law Simeon Ellis, who was executor.

Jeremiah Bate, husband of Mary Spicer, made his will, Aug. 30, 1728 of Newton, Gloucester Co. N. J.; no wife mentioned shows she died before 1728; but mentions children Martha wife of James Wall; Abigail, wife of Thomas Thackrea; Mary, and son William Bate who was executor.

Children of William (1) Bate, all born in Wickloe Co. Ireland, 30 miles from Dublin, were:

I. Joseph Bate, who md. in 1701 Mercy (Clement, daughter of James and Jane Clement). This the Mercy who lived in family of John Hinchman before mentioned.

II. Abigail Bate, who married in 1687, Joshua Frame (Fraeme).

III. Jeremiah Bate, married Mary Spicer, daughter of Samuel (Thomas).

III. William Bate, who married an Indian girl.

IV. Sarah Bate, b. 1670; md. in 1692, in Old Newton Meeting House Simeon Ellis, lived in Springwell near Ellisbury, N. J.

In 1691, Simeon Ellis bought 200 acres from Francis Collins, in old Gloucester Co., on north side of north branch of Cooper's Creek, calling his place "Springwell". Bowne Genl. says, Simeon Ellis had 600 acres in all, as his wife bought 400 acres in Camden Co. N. J.

Simeon Ellis died in 1715 leaving children, Simeon Ellis; Thomas Ellis, who married in 1722 Catherine (Collins, dau. Joseph); Jacob Ellis, who married in 1750 Cassandia Albertson; William Ellis, who md. Sarah Collins, dau. of Joseph; Jonathan Ellis, who md. in 1737 Mary Hollingshead, daughter of William and Elizabeth Adams, (dau. of John Adams and Elizabeth Fenwick, dau. of John Fenwick who came in ship Griffin, 1675, arrived in Delaware River; being the first English ship bound to this part of the Province). In which ship come John Fenwick of County of Berks, Eng., proprietor of Salem Tenth in Province of W. J. with his three daughters, Ann who md. Samuel Hedge who came in same ship with them, and was made Surveyor-General of the Colony Apl. 30, 1678, by Fenwick, and Feb. 1677 was given two thousand acres by his father-in-law Priscilla and Elizabeth, also John Adams of Redding, in Co. Berks, Eng., weaver, husband to said Elizabeth, and their three children, Elizabeth Adams, aged 11 yrs., Fenwick Adams, aged 9 yrs. and Mary Adams aged 4 yrs., also Edward Champneys, of Thornbury, Co. Gloster, Eng. joyner, husband to said Priscilla, and their children John and Mary and ten servants; John Smith, a miller, b. Norfolkshire, Eng. 20; 7; 1623, and in 1658 md. Martha (Crafts, dau. Christopher) and ch. Daniel, Edward, David and Sarah also came in same ship. Apl. 1675 John Smith bought of Fenwick 1000 acres at Salem N. J. James Nevill, weaver of Stepney, London, Eng. came over with Fenwick with his wife, he made Secretary for Salem Colony. In will of John Fenwick, made Aug. 7, 1683, he is called "Absolute Lord or Chief Proprietor by law and Survivorship of the Province of New Caesaria or New Jersey, and now of Fenwick Colony."

The reason of John Fenwicke coming to America was that in 1648, he was commissioned a major in Cromwell's Army, and at execution of Charles I. had a commission to be present with a squadron of Calvary. Became a Friend and with Edward Byllynge, also a Friend, purchashed Lord Berkeley's interest in New Jersey; he son of Maurice Berkeley. March 1683, Fenwick was one of twenty four Proprietors to whom East Jersey was confirmed by the Duke of York.

John Fenwick's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Walter Covert, his second wife was Mary Burdett, who did not come over with him; he died between Aug. 1683 and April 1684. (N. J. Archives Vol. 1. p. 185).

John Fenwick in his will mentions his grandchildren, Fenwick Adams, Samuel Adams, Jr., John and Mary Champneys, Walter, Mary and Ann Adams; also mentioned Roger, eldest son of deceased brother Capt. Ralph Fenwick; he "excepts against Elizabeth Adams (daughter) of having any the least part of my estate and her heirs forever, except the Lord open her eyes to see her abominable transgression against him, and he, her poor father, by giving her true repentance and forsaking that Black." He makes his son-in-law, Samuel Hedge, and John Smith and Richard Tindall, executors, to receive 500 acres each for their trouble); Joseph Ellis, who married Mary and died in 1757, leaving children Priscilla who married Jacob Stokes, Sara who married (1) John Buzby and (2) Isaac Mickle; Abigail Ellis, who married Caleb Huges; Keziah Ellis, who married Dr. Benjamin Vanlear. (Clements Newton Township).

Sarah (Bate) Ellis outlived her husband, Simeon Ellis, who made his will, March 26, 1715, of Springwell, Gloucester Co. yeoman, mentions wife Sarah and children Thomas, Simeon, Jonathan, Sarah, Joseph, William, Mary; mentions 340 acres, and home farm of 300 acres between John Kay and brother Thomas Ellis, and 250 acres adjoining it. Wife executrix; proved May 12, 1715.

Of these children, William married Sarah Collins; Joseph married Mary; Sarah married in 1730 John Kay; Thomas married Cassandria Albertson, daughter of Josiah Albertson and Ann Austin of Eversham, Burlington Co., son of William Albertson and Esther Willis.

Josiah had a brother Abraham Albertson who married Hannah Medcalf.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6223. COGGESWELL.—Robert Coggeswell was a manufacturer of woolen cloth, and lived at Westbury, Wiltshire, England; buried June 7, 1581; married Alicia, buried August 1, 1603. Would like her parentage.

Edward died 1616; married Alice, who died same year; lived in Westbury Leigh. Who were her ancestors?

John born 1592, with his wife Elizabeth and eight children sailed for America in the ship "Angel Gabriel" which sailed from Bristol, England, May 23, 1635. On account of unfavorable winds the vessel did not leave the coast until the 4th of June. August 10, in a terrible storm the ship was wrecked on Remagind Island, off the coast of Maine. Some passengers were lost, but the members of the Coggeswell family reached the shore. Some of their household effects were washed ashore.

Mr. Coggswell collected these and built temporary shelter for his family, whom he left in care of the forlorn colony of Pemaquid; and sailed in a small boat for Boston. There he found a Captain of a barque who was willing to undertake the hazardous trip to Maine and bring the survivors of the wreck with their few possessions to Ipswich, then called Agawam. The following year, 1636, Mr. Coggswell was granted 300 acres of land in Chebacco parish (now Essex) on which he established a home, long occupied by his descendants. John Coggswell was an upright and able man, active in the offairs of the settlement, and highly esteemed by his associates. He died 29th. Nov. 1669.—F. M.

6224. HARRINGTON—MOREY—WILCOX—North Kingstown Vital Records give this marriage: "Ebenezer Harrington of Liverpool, England, and Mary Morey of Exeter, R. I., May 22, 1778." Their daughter Dorcas, born Aug. 17, 1779, married Clark Wilcox, whose daughter was Mary Morey, and who were the parents of Clark Wilcox? Was he (possibly) a son of Daniel Wilcox and Sarah Clark, married Oct. 27, 1760? (Newport Records.) The children of Clark and Dorcas (Harrington) Wilcox were John, Hazzard, Charles, Lyman, Harriet, Nancy, Hannah and Mary. The latter is said to have been born in Stonington, Ct., and at least two of the sons settled in Chautauqua Co., N. Y., about 1825, where Mary Wilcox married David Y. Stanton.—F. S. W.

6225. STANTON—Information is desired regarding the subsequent history of Daniel Stanton, born April 1, 1773, to John and Phebe (Fish) Stanton. John (born 1730) married Phebe (born 1732) in 1753. Presumably this was "John, of John and Ann, born Dec. 24, 1730." Who was John, Sr. and Ann his wife? What became of Daniel Stanton, of John and Sarah, born Oct. 30, 1765? (Exeter Vital Records). The birth of the first Daniel was found in the "MERCURY", in a printed list taken from Mss., in possession of a Newport family. Did either of above Daniels remove to New York State, marry Diana Salter, have son David Y. Stanton and die of consumption at the age of thirty-five? David Y. Stanton was born about 1801. The other children of Daniel and Diana Stanton were John, Francis, Daniel, Eunice, Amy, and William.—F. S. W.

BACK TO THE PRACTICAL!

Can you begin again where you left off when St. Nick stepped in and turned things topsy turvy?

Agitating a new cook stove, weren't you? Just think how much better the mince pies would have tasted yesterday if they'd been done on the bottom—enough said?

A Crawford Range.

Perfect cooking, little fuel, tremendous heat—ask a user.

The damper that no other range has is responsible for all that, the fire-bricked oven bottom helps—with all its advantages it's surprising that anybody will accept any other sort of a Cooker as a substitute.

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Bishop Fined For Assault

Nancy, France, Dec. 28.—The correctional court here fined Bishop Turinaz $10 for striking a gandarme on the occasion of the former's expulsion from the Episcopal residence here.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The dying of Dr. Frank E. Beckwith, formerly professor of obstretics at the Yale Medical school, makes the third of New Haven's prominent physicians to die within four days. The others were Drs. Timothy H. Bishop and Walter Judson.

Henry Green, a Boston real estate dealer, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy with liabilities of $462,300 and assets of $695, principally a piece of land in Florida.

Commander Alfred B. Canaga, in charge of the steam engineering department of the Boston navy yard, died suddenly of apoplexy.

The central school building at Mexico, Me., one of the largest school edifices in Oxford county, was destroyed by fire with a loss of $15,000. The fire is thought to have originated from the heating apparatus.

A loss of about $15,000 was caused by a fire that practically destroyed the Baker block, Milford, Mass. The origin of the fire is unknown. There were several stores and offices in the block.

Raymond Ellis of Norwood, Mass., aged 10, was drowned while skating on Ellis pond, which his father owns. The boy skated through a hole in the ice.

An electric car slid into the rear of another car on account of a slippery rail on a hill at Peabody, Mass. The vestibule of the second car was smashed and Motorman Young suffered a leg fracture.

Aldin D. Puffer, the pioneer soda water manufacturer of this country, died suddenly of neuralgia of the heart at his home at Medford, Mass. Puffer, although 87 years of age, was a man of remarkable activity. He accumulated a fortune and retired from business several years ago.

Flanagan Claims Immunity

Boston, Dec. 28.—A motion was filed in the superior criminal court to quash the indictment charging John W. Flanagan with keeping a common gambling house and a place to register bets on stock transactions, on the ground that Flanagan was immune from prosecution, as he had given evidence before a legislative committee during an investigation that incriminated himself. District Attorney Moran agreed with Flanagan's counsel and the matter was taken under advisement by Judge Sherman.

Suicide and Attempt at Murder

Boston, Dec. 28.—Fred L. Clark, aged 20, shot and probably fatally wounded his wife, Bertha, aged 22, at a lodging house at 1:30 o'clock this morning. Clark, thinking that he had killed the woman, killed himself with the revolver which he had used on his wife. Mrs. Clark was taken to a hospital and is in a critical condition. The couple recently arrived from Belfast, Me. Persons in the house where they were staying heard them quarreling just before the shooting occurred.

Complaint of Lumbermen

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 28.—The New Hampshire Lumbermen's association voted to secure counsel for the prosecution of alleged claims against the Boston and Maine railroad for overcharges said to aggregate $40,000. The action of the Lumbermen's association is based on a law passed in 1801, when it was provided that the railroad should not increase charges in the state for freight carrying, but should from time to time reduce them.

Freight Trains In Collision

Buxton, Me., Dec. 27.—A rear-end collision of freight trains occurred at Bradbury station. No one was injured, but there was a bad mixup of rolling stock and the damage is estimated at $25,000. A dozen cars were piled up. The accident was said to have been due to a misunderstanding of orders.

Drunken Negroes Raise a Rumpus

Kansas City, Dec. 26.—Fifty negroes engaged in a drunken fight in this city last night, using clubs, knives and stones. Besides the injuries sustained by the participants, which consisted of broken heads and severe bruises, a policeman and a spectator were hurt.

Bullet Through His Head

Waterbury, Conn., Dec. 26.—Guiseppe Valeria, an Italian, was shot through the head, and Dominico Presutto, who is alleged to have fired the shot, has disappeared. Friends of the men claim that Presutto thought the revolver was not loaded. Valeria is dying.

Car Crashed Into Laborers

New York, Dec. 28.—A street car struck and overturned a truck filled with homeward-bound laborers in Harlem last night. One of the latter was killed outright and three others injured, two of them perhaps fatally.

Deer Raises Ructions

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 28.—A doe which ran into the center of the city from the outskirts caused much excitement last night. The doe, frightened by the pursuing crowd, jumped through a plate glass window in a tea and coffee store. Patrolman Linehan followed the animal in the store, which had been closed for the night, but the animal smashed a large number of crates of crockery and overturned many chests of tea and coffee before the crowd which [illegible] into the store through [illegible] window succeeded in [illegible] [illegible] took [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]

LOVERS DIED TOGETHER

Sensational Double Suicide by Poison In a County Jail

Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 27.—While talking with Bessie Wells in the Elmira county jail last night, Frank Delaney suddenly passed a vial of carbolic acid to her through the bars of her cell and then pressed a second bottle to his own lips. A guard who was watching Delaney during his interview with the woman attempted to arrest the passage of the acid, but he was too late. Before a physician could reach the jail corridor both the woman and her interviewer were dead.

Bessie Wells occupied a cell in the women's dormitory, awaiting sentence which was to have been imposed Jan. 3 on a charge of abducting a young girl and harboring her for immoral purposes. Delaney, possessing a power of attorney from the woman, called at the jail and told the warden that he wanted to obtain the woman's signature to some papers.

Accompanied by a guard, he was taken to her cell. Suddenly Delaney handed a bottle of poison through the bars of the cell door and as the guard sprang forward placed a second bottle to his own mouth.

Delaney was 29 years old and a railroad man. He is said to have been the lover of Miss Wells.

Troops Subdue Race Riots

Memphis, Dec. 27. Advices from Scooba and Wahalak, Miss., where race rioting required the presence of troops, say that quiet prevails at both towns, as well as throughout the surrounding territory. The trouble is attributed to the actions of a reckless mob which, in searching for a negro who attacked Conductor Cooper aboard a train and shot and killed Constable O'Brien of Wahalak, killed three negroes and wounded several others. Feeling against the negroes was intensified by the killing by negroes of Conductor Harrison at Crawford.

More Negro Soldiers In Trouble

Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 26.—Fourteen soldiers, the majority of whom are troopers of the Ninth cavalry (negro), were arrested in connection with a riot on a street car when a number of shots were fired into a loaded car and several passengers were slightly injured by broken glass. There is apprehension among the negro troops at the fort over the matter lest it assume some of the importance of the Brownsville affair. The affair has been reported to Washington.

Clement Must Pay Judgment

Burlington, Vt., Dec. 27.—The slander suit of S. D. Wilson against Percival W. Clement, who was recently a candidate for governor of this state, reached its final stage when an application for stay of execution in the payment of the judgment of $1000 and costs by Clement was denied. The suit was brought by Wilson after a political campaign, during which it was alleged he was called a murderer by Clement in a stump speech.

Bryan Would Accept Nomination

Topeka Dec. 28.—In an interview here, William J. Bryan virtually admitted that he would be a candidate for the presidential nomination before the next national Democratic convention. "While I have not yet announced that I would be a candidate," said Bryan, "I have not stated that I would not be a candidate. Such a high honor as the presidential nomination is something that no American citizen should decline."

Tricks of the Trade.

"This watch," said the apprentice, "runs too fast. I'll regulate it."

"Do nothing of the kind," said the jeweler.

"Why not?" the apprentice asked in surprise.

"Because," the other explained, "the owner teaches music."

"But hanged if I see"— began the puzzled apprentice.

"Listen," the jeweler interrupted. "When watches are left here, never regulate them unless there is a special order to do so. Some people—music teachers, for instance—want their watches to run a little fast. So do cabbies. So do fencing masters. Other people want their watches to run slow. Builders like slow running watches, and so do ministers, and so do men who play billiards by the hour."—Exchange.

The Forehead.

A receding brow, like a receding chin, shows a lack of will power and of a firm and quick intelligence. The forehead that has projecting "bumps" over the eyes indicates observation. A high, prominent, bulging brow does not contribute to the beauty of the face, but it shows both the absentmindedness and the keen intellect of the scholar. It is the forehead that looks straight, but which in reality slopes back a very little, with the eyebrows projecting and firmly marked, that is one of the most desirable. Its possessor will be tolerant, but firm, steady, intelligent and decisive.

A Stage Episode.

When Mrs. Bellamy was acting Alicia in "Jane Shore" the king was present among the audience. Apparently the play was not so potent as the wine his majesty had taken at dinner, for he fell asleep, greatly to Mrs. Bellamy's annoyance, for she drew near to his box and with a most violent exertion of voice which the part admitted of cried out, "Oh, thou false lord!" and woke the king, and thus, like Macbeth, she murdered sleep and revenged herself on his majesty.—From "Annals of Covent Garden Theater."

Willing to Help Along.

The cranky old bachelor was irritable. Calling the landlady, he said:

"Mrs. Hashley, who is it that keeps singing 'I Would Not Live Alway?'"

"That is the lady in the room across the hall, sir," answered the landlady.

"Well," continued the C. O. B., "kindly give her my compliments and tell her if she keeps that up much longer she can rest assured she won't."—Chicago News.

Character.

There is a tremendous power in character when added to ability. A great many youths think that ability is everything; that if a man has brain power he can accomplish most anything, but he is a lightweight man, no matter how able, if he does not add character to his ability.—Success Magazine.

Not Ahead.

"They say that Shifter is ten years ahead of his time."

"Well, it's not true. I'm his landlord, and I know he's just six months behind."

Be grateful for every hour and accept whatever it brings.—Thoreau.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. CLERK'S OFFICE, SUPERIOR COURT.

WHEREAS there was filed in this office on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1906, an appeal of Orlando F. Willis vs. Alton H. Mott, Administrator, from a decree of the Court of Probate of the Town of New Shoreham, entered on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1906, upon which said appeal an order of notice has been entered:

Therefore notice is hereby given to Alton H. Mott, Administrator, and to all other persons interested in the matter of said appeal, to appear before our Superior Court at the Court House in Newport, on Monday, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said appeal should not be granted.

CHARLES E. HARVEY, Clerk.
12-29-2w

Framed Pictures

We have a few framed pictures left over from the holidays which we will close out at a low price.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

DIVIDEND NO. 83.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of eight per cent per annum will be paid to the stockholders of this Bank, January 2d, 1907.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
12-29

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEW SHOREHAM, R. I., Dec. 22, 1906.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Edward G. Ball, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby give notice that they have accepted said trust and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WARREN A. BALL, EDWARD BALL, } Executors.
12-22-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of William E. Sands.

WILLIAM C. SANDS, Guardian of the person and estate of William E. Sands, presents his account with the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
12-22-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of LEMUEL A. DODGE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HARRIET E. DODGE, Administratrix.
12-22-4w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, October 3d, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 8608, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the third day of October, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court January 3d, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the second day of October, A. D. 1906, in favor of Williams and Everett Company, a corporation of Boston, Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Walter D. J. Bullock, alias John Doe, of Little Compton, defendant, I have this day at 25 minutes past 4 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Walter D. J. Bullock, alias John Doe, of Little Compton, had on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1906, at 6 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Little Compton, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described, as follows, to wit: Beginning at the Northeast corner thereof at Quicksand Pond, and running north 89 degrees 10' west, bounded north by land now or late of Job Tripp 3165 and 8-10 feet to the County Road, thence turning and running south 1 degree 5' west along said road 1074 feet, to land now or late of Frederick Brownell, thence turning and running along the land of said Brownell, as follows, North 89 degrees 45', east 1163 and 5-10 feet, North 2 degrees 30', east 407 and 3-10 feet, South 81 degrees 25', east 657 and 2-10 feet, North 79 degrees 10', east 627 and 3-10 feet, South 80 degrees, east 408 and 5-10 feet, North 88 degrees 25', east 172 feet to said Quicksand Pond, thence running Northerly along the border of said Pond to point of beginning, containing a total area of 76 and 81-100 acres be the said measurements more or less or however bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the **7th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon,** for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
12-15-4w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of Charles E. Littlefield.

ALMEDIA R. BALL, Guardian of the person and estate of Charles E. Littlefield, a person of full age, adjudged to be of unsound mind, presents her petition in writing, representing that said ward is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situate in said New Shoreham, being located in the southeast part thereof, in what was formerly School District No. 8, of said town, containing by estimation about twenty-one acres of land, be the same more or less, and comprising all of said ward's real estate that is located in said district and section, and praying for reasons therein stated, that she may be authorized and empowered to sell said ward's interests in the whole or any part of said Real Estate for the purpose of paying the debts of said ward, for the support of said ward, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
12-22-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of James E. Sprague.

JAMES E. SPRAGUE, 2d, Guardian of the person and estate of James E. Sprague, presents his account with the estate of his said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
12-22-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 10th, 1906.

Estate of Cora A. Payne.

REQUEST in writing is made by J. Elmer Payne, husband of Cora A. Payne, late of New Shoreham, deceased intestate, that he, said J. Elmer Payne, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 7th day of January, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
12-22-3w

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND, at the rate of 4 percent per annum, will be paid to the depositors of this bank, on and after January 15, 1907.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 18, 1906.—12-22

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of this bank, for the election of directors, and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their banking rooms, 38 Washington square, Tuesday, January 8th, 1907, at 3 o'clock p. m.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
12-15

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

ALL PERSONS who have bills or accounts against the City of Newport, are notified to present them before **Wednesday, December 26, 1906,** to the departments for which they were contracted.

DAVID STEVENS, City Clerk.
December 15, 1906-2w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., December 17, A. D. 1906.

CHRISTOPHER F. BARKER, the Executor of the last will and testament of *HARRIET N. BARKER,* Widow, presents to this Court his second and final account with her estate, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of January next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.
12-22-4w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of SARAH C. COGGESHALL, widow of David, a person of full age, having a legal residence in said Middletown has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian. All persons having claims against the estate of said Sarah C. Coggeshall are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof and those indebted thereto will make payment to the under signed.

HARRIET B. CHASE, Guardian.
Middletown, R. I., November 24, 1906

Men's Wool Combination

FELT BOOTS,

Duck Arctics

$2.75 Per Pair.

ALSO ALL KINDS OF

HEAVY RUBBER BOOTS, SHOES AND ARCTICS.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.